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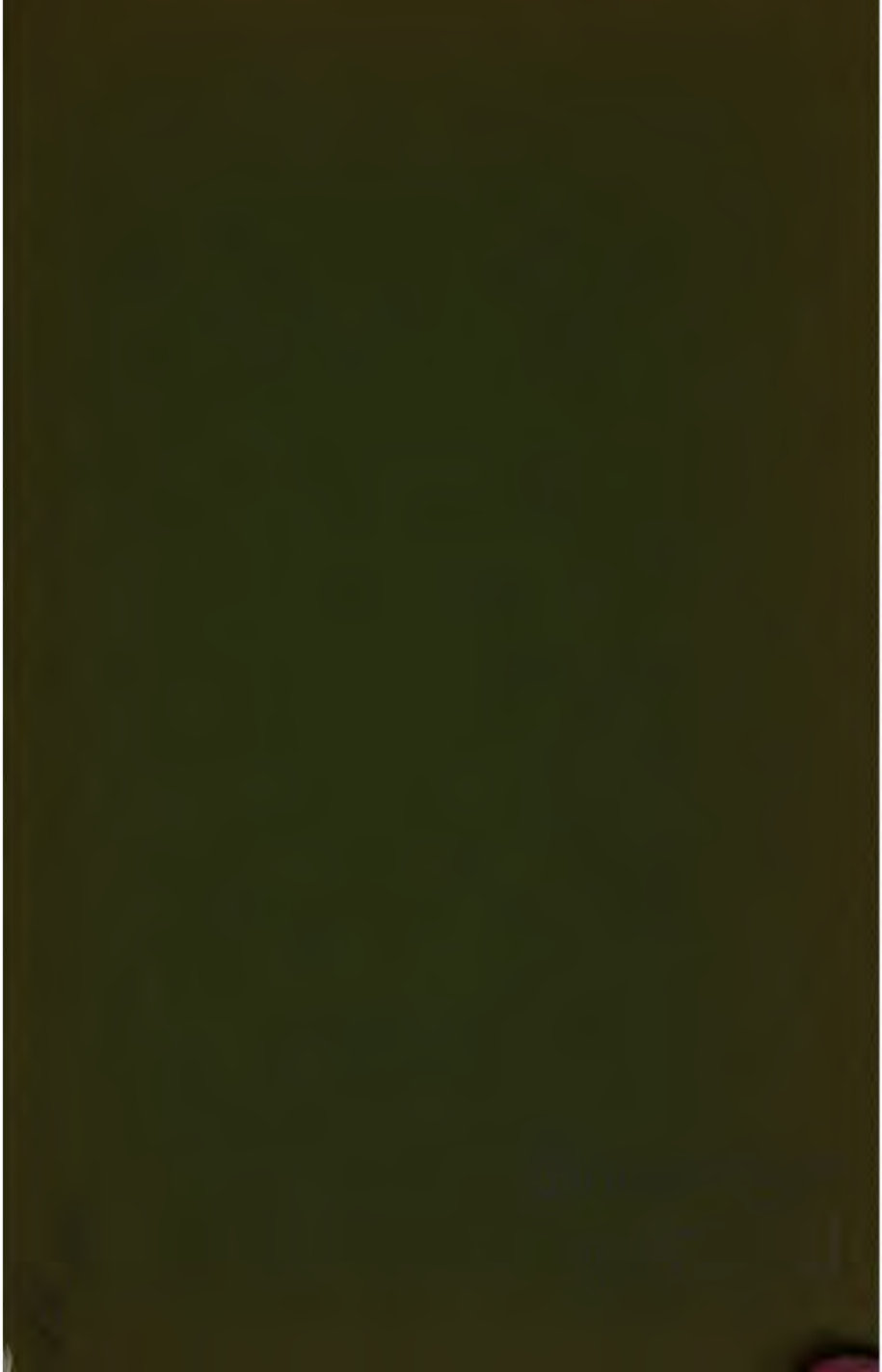

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of the
364th FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY

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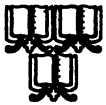
364th FIELD HOSPITAL
COMPANY



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July, 1921

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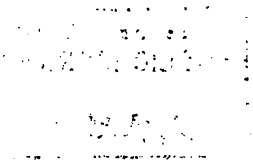

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The original organization, from which was formed the 364th F. H. Co., taken

FOREWORD

The object of this volume is to establish a permanent record of that company, best known as Field Hospital 364, from the beginning until—who can say? Army orders state that 364 expired in the Spring of 1919; but the spirit of the organization and friendships formed therein will last as long as the men.

The editors have done their best to portray the personal as well as the historial events; but it is to be regretted that the information regarding individuals was, of necessity, drawn from the memories of the authors, and does not do justice to the members of 364.

The compilation of this volume has been an honor and privilege rather than a task, as it has enabled us to visualize old times and record them for our comrades.

THE EDITORS

Alvin O. Binswanger,
Harlan C. Bristow,
J. Harry Carroll,
John Helmer,
Jason F. Van Winkle,
James M. Vranizan.

SUMMARY

June 4, 1917—Company fully recruited.
July 15, 1917—Departure for Camp Lewis.
June 27, 1918—Entrained for the East.
July 12, 1918—Sailed on the Olympic.
July 19, 1918—Arrived Southampton.
July 21, 1918—Arrived Cherbourg.
July 27, 1918—Arrived St. Nazaire.
August 28, 1918—Arrived Montigny-le Roi.
Sept. 10-13, 1918—Reserve for St. Mihiel Drive.
Sept. 20, 1918—In the Forest de Hesse.
Sept. 26-Oct. 4—Argonne Drive.
Oct. 17—Entrained at Revigny.
Oct. 19—Arrived Elverdinghe, Belgium.
Nov. 1-4—Lgs. Scheldt Drive.
Dec. 28—Left Proven for France.
Jan. 3 (?)—Arrived de Glaye.
March 24—Arrived Montoir-St. Nazaire.
April 8—Sailed on "Virginian."
April 20—Docked Hoboken; Train to Camp Upton.
May 9—Last of 364 mustered out.

(The Oregonian, July 16, 1917)

HOSPITAL UNIT STARTS TO WAR

Portland Company, First to Be Called, Entrains for Camp at American Lake.

ATHLETES AMONG NUMBER

Eighty Men and Five Officers Are in Organization—Women to Meet Tuesday to Arrange for Delicacies to Members.

First among the field hospital units of the Pacific Coast to be called into service, the Portland Field Hospital, Medical Department of the Enlisted Reserve Corps, U. S. A., entrained at the Union Depot late last night for American Lake and the rigors of the training camp.

The unit, which already is declared by experts to be in fine fettle, is composed of 80 enlisted men and five officers. The officers are Lieutenant J. Guy Strom, in command; Lieutenant Spiro Sargentich, Lieutenant Mount and Lieutenant Wetherbee. The latter two preceded the company to American Lake.

Some hundreds of friends and relatives watched the men as they fell into line for roll call, rather smartly for all their briefness of training and gave ringing answers of "Here!" At least a third of the unit are men of six feet and more in height, and all were of the clean-cut type of American youth.

Many of the enlisted men left business and profession, established in this city, to join the service, and nearly all members of this unit are well known.

Walter A. Hummel, a member of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club, is an athlete of National repute, and holds the 440-yard hurdle record for senior and junior, won at the Amateur Athletic Union games in Newark, N. J., last September.

"Bill" Holden was a rock of strength in the University of Oregon football team, and for the last three years has been with the "Winged M." Brewer A. Billie captained the Oregon Agricultural College football squad, which defeated the Michigan Agricultural College team in 1915. Joseph Luckey was an interscholastic star a few years ago. E. R. Holt is a Multnomah athlete. Joseph Lambert, a member of the Portland Golf Club, was a strong participant in the recent Northwest tournament at Waverly links. John Wilhelm, of Portland Academy and the University of Oregon, is champion golfer of the Eugene Country Club.

DENTAL SCHOOL GRADUATE ENLISTS

Alfred Schilt, a recent graduate from the North Pacific Dental College, was a sensational football player in the Portland Interscholastic League a few

years since. "Ted" Preble gained laurels for the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club as a staunch swimmer and diver. Robert N. McMurray is the son of William McMurray, of the O.-W. R. & N., and was of note as an orator at Jefferson High School and the University of Oregon.

Two newspaper men are in the unit. Earl R. Goodwin, member of the Oregonian reportorial staff, and for several years assistant sporting editor, had been in the employ of the Oregonion since 1909. Sergeant Finlay D. McNaughton for several years was a member of The Oregonian staff, and at the time of his enlistment was assistant night editor of the Journal.

ALL ARE EAGER FOR DUTY

The men are keen for duty in France. Their only apprehension is that, being the first Field Hospital unit to be summoned to American Lake, they may be found so indispensable there that the orders for foreign service will tarry. The roster of enlisted men is as follows:

Non-commissioned officers—Walter D. Whitcomb, Donald M. MacClaire, James L. Boone, Ellsworth B. Hanna, Finlay D. McNaughton, Harlan C. Bristow, James B. Mockbee, Lewis C. Holbrook.

Privates—Roland L. Atcheson, Erwin H. Barendrick, Perc. S. Brown, Hart L. Browne, Lewis A. Bronaugh, Brewer A. Billie, Alvin O. Binswanger, John H. Carroll, George A. Carroll, Charles C. Callahan, Harry E. Cherry, Joseph B. Canfield, George E. Drew, Kenneth C. Farley, Raeman T. Flemming, John E. Gillmore, Isaac E. Garrard, Chester E. Gast, Edwin F. Grigwire, William E. Gerber, Earl R. Goodwin, Charles E. Gasset, William F. Holden, Walter A. Hummel, Thomas Hunter, Merritt S. Hughes, Willard H. Hurley, John Helmer, Harold Hershner, Edmond Holt, Leslie W. Hartley, George Hepburn, George H. Jehlinger, Leonard I. Kaufman, Edward F. La Spronce, Joseph L. Luckey, Joseph H. Lambert, Karl Madison, Walter R. Miller, Basil L. Meekins, Edmund F. Munly, Alfred E. Mattern, Esker R. Mitchell, Frank W. McElroy, Robert N. McMurray, Milton F. Penfield, George F. Pettengill, Edward W. Preble, Leon J. Robertson, Laurence A. Rosenthal, Amil J. Ruff, Alfred Schilt, Glenn Sheeley, Sidney L. Shoell, Charles P. Short, William A. Sieberts, George M. Simons, Cornelius R. Stein, George Stiegeler, Cecil Stemler, Frederick R. Stipe, William H. Stipe, John C. Sturm, Albert Thornbury, Frank H. Tusler, Jason F. Van Winkle, Dominic J. Vranizan, James M. Vranizan, Francis T. Wade, Clyde L. Walter, George W. Warmoth, John Wilhelm.

The woman's auxiliary of the unit will meet in the Central Library at 8 o'clock Tuesday night to effect a permanent organization to send delicacies to the men. All wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the members are urged to attend.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY
of the
364th FIELD HOSPITAL COMPANY

PART I

HEADQUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT

Special Orders,
No. 148

San Francisco, Cal., July 7, 1917.

Extract.

33. Seventy-nine enlisted men of the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps, composing Field Hospital Company unit, now at Portland, Oregon, are ordered into active service and will proceed, under command of First Lieutenant John Guy Strohm, Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, to mobilization camp, American Lake, Washington, for duty. The Quartermaster Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Washington, will issue to each enlisted man his initial allowance of clothing and furnish the necessary transportation and subsistence for the journey. The travel directed is necessary in the military service.

* * *

By command of Major General Liggett:

H. H. WHITNEY,
Lieutenant Colonel, Adjutant General
Department Adjutant.

The official history of the Medical Department of the Ninety-first Division began with the execution of this order.

On July 15, 1917, at the Union Depot, Portland, Oregon, 77 of these 79 enlisted men, together with Lieutenants John Guy Strohm, J. R. Wetherbee and Spiro Sargentisch; the first named being in command, entrained for American Lake, Washington, the site of Camp Lewis.

Let this day and this event be remembered as a great

day and a great event in the history of the City of Portland, the State of Oregon, and the entire Northwest. Let it be remembered with a surging pride, for this little band of men was the nucleus of the 364th Field Hospital, 316th Sanitary Train—that gallant and valorous company which, months later, did so well to distinguish itself in the supreme test of service rendered in the Argonne Forest and the Ypres-Scheldt Drive; and by so doing made its name memorable in the history of the city, state and territory from which it sprang.

To the nation at large and to the Allied Cause the company rendered service worthy of generous praise and commendation. The spirit of the 364th Field Hospital was a true part of that larger national and international spirit that made an Allied victory possible.

The 364th Field Hospital, 316th Sanitary Train, 91st Division came to life in the suite of rooms in the Medical Building, Portland, Oregon, occupied by Captain Herbert M. Greene and Lieutenant John Guy Strohm, as they were officially designated at the time. Captain Greene was a recruiting officer who but recently had returned from the Mexican border, and Lieutenant Strohm, his office partner, when the two had been medical practitioners in civilian life, began his military career as aide to his partner in the recruiting of enlisted men for field hospital and ambulance companies and in the giving of physical examinations to medical practitioners who were desirous of obtaining commissions.

The volume of work put through by these two men was enormous and demanded the services of an office personnel of enlisted men who could come early in the morning and stay on the job until the small hours of the next morning, working at high pressure all the time.

An enumeration or explanation of their many tasks has no part in this narrative. Such an explanation would cover many pages and leave the reader, probably, in as bewildered a state of mind as that of the officers and men who found the struggle with army rules and regulations a never-ending puzzle. It is sufficient to state that the spirit displayed here, as everywhere else, was that company spirit which made the 364th Field Hospital the success that it was.

It may well be said that this company spirit was born in these offices; for here it was that the patriotic young

man who was ready to give his life to his country, if need be, took the oath that made him a member of the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps.

MULTNOMAH FIELD

The original company, almost to a man, learned the rules of military courtesy and the principles of military drill in evening sessions held on Multnomah Field. Thanks is here given to the several individuals whose names have been lost in the passing of time, but whose service to us, as instructors and drill-masters will ever be gratefully remembered.

The first of these drills were held in civilian clothes. Afterwards, when uniforms and equipment had been secured from the barracks at Vancouver, Washington, and had been distributed, tried on, altered and tailored and finally donned with true military pride, these evening drills were performed with a snap that would have done credit to a company of old-time regulars.

ENTRAINING

Certainly, the men who stood assembled on the platform of the Union Depot to say a soldier's farewell to those they loved best and dearest and whom they might never see again, were much more military in their appearance than would have seemed possible, considering the short time they had drilled as a company, and the peculiarities of the army uniform to which they, perforce, had become accustomed.

The good-byes said—and they were the good-byes of heart to heart, given and received without any great display of outward emotion — officers and enlisted men together boarded the train and were carried away.

THE FIRST BREAKFAST

Now the ways of army life and civilian life differ as everybody knows. An example of this difference is afforded in the relation of the ordeal known in the company annals as "That First Breakfast."

To properly appreciate "That First Breakfast" it is necessary to take the reader back to the train bearing the company to American Lake. Stretched on the seats without overcoats or blankets, were men who were growing more cramped and chilly with each passing moment. These men

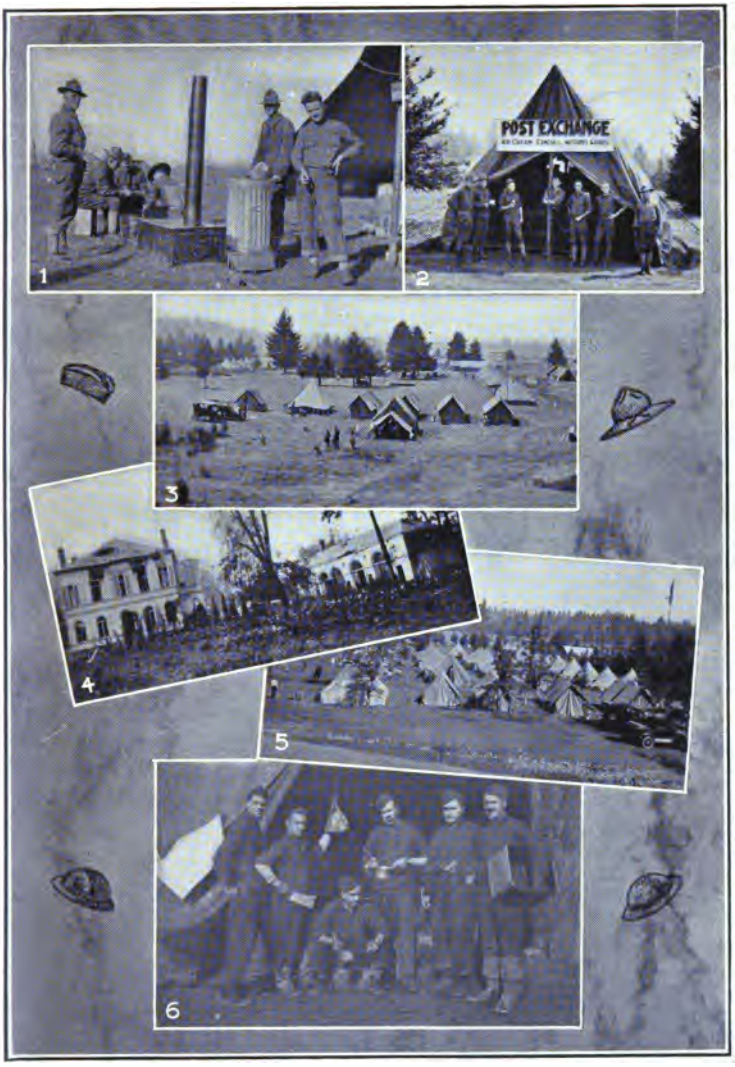
knew and took comfort in the thought that the mess sergeant and an assistant had preceded them to American Lake in an automobile two days previously for the express purpose of reporting to the officer whose duty it was known was the preparing of the kitchen and a good meal for the company that was coming. The time for this duty seemed ample and the task not great; so what mattered a few hours of cold and crowded train riding, when a good substantial meal—probably hot and of varied dishes—awaited them at their first camp site, wherever it might be.

Imagine then the mingled emotions of dismay and disgust when, after de-training in the piercing cold of a Camp Lewis morning, they were marched, stiff and sore as they were, to their camp site, half a mile or so east of the track, and there forced to partake of a slice of army bread and a cup of bitter black coffee. Judging by the remarks made during and after breakfast, the meal was not satisfactory. Lucky was the man who was provided with a box of home-cooked grub, and lucky were they who were able to share the good fortune of those so equipped. The rest were "out of luck"—a phrase that every man who saw service understands.

THE FIRST DETAILS

Imagine for a moment the task of preparing a summer camp for a small party of people in a flat, wooded location with a snow-capped mountain in the background, and enlarge this task to the extent of accommodating 79 enlisted men and four officers; and you have a good, general conception of the task of preparing the first camp of Field Hospital Co. B—to give the organization one of its early names.

On Multnomah Field and during the cold night journey to American Lake, details had been appointed for the various tasks necessary for the proper making of a field camp. These details began their tasks the minute breakfast was concluded and fairly before the bad taste of the army portion of it was out of their mouths. Some felled the trees that hindered the erecting of the line of tents along the company street; others dug an incinerator; still others erected a flagpole close to the head of the company street. A large detail improved upon the arrangements of the kitchen, unpacked supplies and stored them as best they could. Another detail



1. A field kitchen. 2. 364th F. H. Canteen, the first in Camp Lewis. 3. Our first home in the army. 4. Chateau at Waereghem. 5. Our second camp site at Camp Lewis. 6. K. P. at Ceton, France.

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dug out the boxes containing army cots and blankets; and without going further into the experiences of the first day the narrative will proceed to an account of the never-to-be-forgotten experiences of the first night.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP

Some time during the day each man was supplied with two army blankets and a cot. Many retired immediately after the evening mess, dog tired from the excitement and novelty of their first day of army life. For an hour or so after the sun went down, the temperature inside the tents was agreeable; but by the time "Taps" had been blown, the chill in the air was quite noticeable.

By midnight, many of those who had retired in regular fashion had been up several times to don additional articles of clothing and so keep from freezing. The painful truth that army blankets were but very little protection against the ever-increasing cold was being brought forcibly to the mind of the company—that is, blankets that were laid on the cot as sheets were laid on the bed back home. Many gave up the struggle of keeping warm in bed and sat up around the kitchen fire and told stories to keep warm. Others manfully wrestled with the problem of folding the blankets against the cold and of getting themselves properly between the folds when once arranged. A few succeeded and managed to sleep warm during the remainder of the night; the rest of those "hard-try" men kept themselves warm by trying. And this night-time experience, like the bitter, black coffee and army bread, never will be forgotten.

After all, it was only a small experience as compared with some of the big moments to come in action in France and Belgium; but certainly it was a vivid contrast to civilian home life, just ended.

GUARD MOUNT

It were well to emphasize the fact that Camp Lewis, as a camp, did not exist at this time. In journeying through the woods about the camp, one came upon stakes driven aimlessly it seemed. And one could walk for a long distance in any direction save the west and discover these stakes. It gave one a feeling of awe so to compute the size of the cantonment. And when the sound of hammer and saw began

to reach us through the trees, which speedily happened, we were gradually but forcibly awakened to the size of the task confronting Uncle Sam in just this one feature of preparing civilians for war.

To acquaint with the ways of army life the reader who never has been on a cantonment, or to whom an army day, whether it be in an open camp or in barracks, is a matter of hazy conjecture; it would seem best to explain the schedule of a work day for the full twenty-four hours, beginning at midnight. The schedule presented here is not the one laid down in orders issued from division headquarters after the division was formed and was about to commence training as a unit; but rather the schedule that was in force during the days when the organization functioned as camp guard, camp fire department, and camp hospital—the days when the company was "on it's own" and Camp Lewis was just being constructed—has been chosen. This schedule was made up by our company commander and it served its purpose well. By its guidance more was actually accomplished at times than would have seemed humanly possible. Reference is being made to the time when the organization was feeding and caring for over five hundred patients, with but very little outside help. No schedule of duty in the ward tents is presented, for the reason that the hours on and off duty and the duties themselves were subject to instant change as the pressure of the work required.

Returning then to mid-night, we discover the sergeant of the guard and the officer of the day being changed. There was no ceremony such as regular army "Guard Mount" connected with this event. A tired officer and non-commissioned officer, each at his respective quarters, awakened fresh officers to their respective posts of duty and then rolled into bed. Both these new officers were on duty continuously for the next twenty-four hours. The new officer of the day, whenever the mood possessed him which, in those days was quite often, inspected the guard to see that each man was walking his post, properly armed. The non-commissioned officer changed the guard every two hours according to a schedule which gave each guard two hours on post and four off duty alternately for the twenty-four hours.

KITCHEN POLICE

K. P.

At 4 A. M. the sergeant of the guard awakened from slumber an individual who generally groaned and rolled over on the other side. This hapless man was the early K. P.—kitchen police—whose duty was to light the fire in the field range and take the necessary preliminary steps towards preparing breakfast for a company of men who were certain to be hungry. In the open or in barracks his was a freezing job, as may well be imagined, for an indication of the night temperature has already been given the reader and the barracks themselves were just as cold, owing to the regulations which ordered barracks windows thrown open at night, regardless of the outside temperature.

During the first days of camp life the mess sergeant and two assistants, either a cook and K. P. or two cooks, arose at this freezing hour, in order to insure the proper beginning of a day in the kitchen. But as the field range and it's equipment became better understood this practice was altered to the one just described.

At about 5 A. M. this hapless K. P. was able to grin at two or three chattering comrades who rushed for the fire he had built. These servers of Uncle Sam were the cooks and the rest of the K. P.

THE DAY BEGINS

At 5:45 A. M. the bugler blew "First Call." Fifteen minutes prior to this time he had been awakened by the sergeant of the guard. While the bugler stood at the base of the flag-pole awakening the camp to the activities of a new day, the sergeant of the guard stood beside him slowly raising the flag to the top of the staff.

"First Call" was followed by "Reveille" at 5:55 A. M. and found the boys hustling into their clothes. "Assembly" came five minutes later and morning roll call was held on the company street in front of the tents.

Six-fifteen to 6:30 A. M. was devoted to setting-up exercises, sometimes conducted by an enlisted man, sometimes by an officer.

"Mess Call" was blown at 6:45 A. M. In the meantime the men had washed and shaved and taken the first steps towards putting their tents in order.

At the very beginning of our army days we ate mess while standing about the field kitchen and the bare ground was our table. Then real tables were built by several members of the company who were handy with carpenter's tools, and there were many such men. These men likewise constructed racks on which the towels used for drying mess equipment and kitchen utensils might be hung. Every man in the company heaved a great sigh of relief when at last we were installed in our appointed barracks and were able to eat our meals under a genuine roof and in a real dining room.

THE LADIES AUXILIARY

While on the subject of mess it were befitting to mention the many benefits received from the Ladies Auxiliary, nearly all of which had something to do with the kitchen.

To our mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts and friends we owe a debt of gratitude we never can hope to repay. They were with us and for us from the first to the last, with food or money or in some other practical way, and when this was impossible, as guiding, comforting and protecting spirits.

The 364th Field Hospital Auxiliary formally came into being in room H of the Central Library, Portland, Oregon, on the evening of July 27, 1917. Mrs. J. H. Bristow was elected president; Mrs. E. M. Holden, vice-president; Mrs. A. S. Rosenthal, treasurer, and Miss Pearl Dalton, secretary. In recognition of her efforts in forming the Auxiliary, Miss O. C. Graves was elected honorary president. The body of the organization consisted of about one hundred members.

To return to the schedule. "Sick Call" came next. The time varied as the work demanded, but "Sick Call" in some form was held from the very beginning. This was the time when the chronic "bunk hound"—the derivation of which phrase may easily be imagined—got his large dose of castor oil.

DAILY SCHEDULE

Before this, however, in fact just as soon after mess as possible, the duty of putting the camp in order was resumed. During the period that the inspections were held in tents, the manners of preparing for them were varied and arduous. At one time in our Camp Lewis career, a prize was offered

to the inmates of the tent found to be in the best order. The competition for this honor was keen, for the prize was an extra pass from camp.

Seven-thirty to 8:15 A. M., Drill; School of the Detachment. This meant drill to all those not assigned to special duty and not on fatigue duty. This drill might be conducted by a commissioned officer, a non-commissioned officer or some buck private selected for competency. Or it might not be conducted at all. Instead the entire company might be marched somewhere for another "shot in the arm." The unexpected and the unwished-for were always happening to the company schedule.

Eight-thirty to 9:15 A. M., Ceremonies or Drill—if not something else.

Nine-thirty to 10:30 A. M., Lecture. In the barracks, this generally took place in the dining room. While we lived in tents, the lecture periods, whenever possible, were spent under the trees. These lectures, delivered by an officer who had been a doctor in civilian life, would be on any topic from camp sanitation to human anatomy.

Ten-forty-five to 11:30 A. M., Drill. More school of the detachment. This period might be devoted to drill by squads of eight men, or to drill by platoons of four or more squads each, or to drill with litters—or stretchers, as they are known in civilian life—or to the many variations of marching or tent pitching.

Twelve noon, Mess.

One-thirty to 2:15 P. M., Sanitation in the Field. In other words the detachment would be instructed in the duties of laying out a camp, for example. These were so bewildering, then as now, that nothing is added to the reader's knowledge by an endeavor to explain the methods employed to obtain the perfected system by which men erected and tore down the tents in record time. Or perhaps sanitation in the field would be dropped temporarily to indulge in semaphore signaling or wig-wagging.

Two-thirty to 4:00 P. M., Review of First Aid. This might mean a review of the lecture of the day: practice in carrying wounded patients, bandaging imaginary wounds, and so on.

Five-forty-five P. M., "First Call for Retreat."

Five-fifty-five P. M., "Assembly" and "Roll Call,"

similar to the morning "Assembly" and "Roll Call." After which the company marched to the parade ground before the flag-pole to do its part in the daily ceremony of lowering the Stars and Stripes to the notes of the bugle.

Six P. M., Mess.

The evening would be devoted to many occupations. Reading, clothes mending, journeys to the many recreation centers about camp, letter writing and so on, with plenty of card and crap games progressing on the bunks or mess tables, whether orders allowed them or not.

Nine-forty-five P. M., "Tattoo." A call to send the company to quarters.

Eleven P. M., "Taps." When lights were put out and the army day was over to everyone except the sergeant of the guard, the guard themselves and the officer of the day, all of whom would be relieved at mid-night.

This brief sketch gives no account of the paper work done during the day by the office force. The routine was a heavy one even on days when orders of one sort and another and from one source and another did not pile up.

Sunday was the day of rest and passes from camp. Very few remained in camp other than those who had to be there.

DIVERSIFIED DUTIES

At our first tent site, the organization had several names. Provisional Field Hospital 30; Field Hospital Co. B are examples.

The company, under whatever name, had the proud distinction of functioning as Camp Guard; Camp Hospital and Camp Fire Department, all at the same time. As Camp Guard, during the early days before Camp Lewis emerged upon us through falling trees, our sentry posts were far-flung and embraced everything of value in the camp.

As Camp Hospital, the organization took care of the injured workmen about the cantonment, with the assistance and co-operation of the Regimental Hospital established by Captain Northington, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel Northington in charge of the Base Hospital. But the biggest and most successful undertaking of the company as a hospital occurred shortly after we had moved to our second tent site, at which time we were required to care for from three to five hundred or more patients, and feed them and our own-

selves from two army field ranges. Happily for us, this situation did not endure for many weeks.

THE LIFE

The big events of our life in barracks was the rough-house on Halloween Eve, when the place was made to look as though a cyclone had passed through it and was not restored to order until the small hours of the next morning.

Second—the formation of the Camels and Asses Clubs, one on one side of the hall and the other on the other.

When the arguments between these two warring factions grew hot it was as much as a man's life was worth to go up-stairs. The same may be said of the down-stairs organization known as the "Goats," who, though out-numbered by both the Camels and the Asses, were a hard bunch to beat.

The party given on New Year's Eve, 1918, to our friends and relatives who happened to be in camp or who could come out from Tacoma or Seattle, was an immense success. The party was held in the mess hall. The music was the best to be had in the Train; the dance itself, though held in crowded quarters, was a highly enjoyable affair. The refreshments were excellent.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were spent in Portland by most of the company, so little is to be said of those holidays.

Liberty Day, in Portland, Oregon, when the company, recruited to its full strength, showed the home folks how it could march, was an event never to be forgotten by those who took part as well as those who were spectators.

Twice the division as a unit was inspected by Major General Greene, and the performances of Field Hospital 364 were praiseworthy on both occasions.

In athletics, the company was very proficient. Football, baseball, basketball, track—all had their devotees, many of whom were big figures in Northwestern sports. One, Walter Hummell, national amateur hurdler, journeyed to St. Louis while the organization was at its second tent site, to take part in the National Amateur Meet of 1917. His performance there was excellent considering the fact that he had been sick for several days prior to his departure for the East, and that two days constituted his entire training period.

In football several men who have big names in North-

western athletics gave the company a name to be remembered in that sport. In camp life, these men were members of the 316th Sanitary Train Team, the best of the 91st Division Teams and also members of the 91st Division Team itself, which played the Marines from Mare Island, California, in one of the biggest contests ever held in the Northwest, played in the Stadium at Tacoma, before an audience of forty thousand.

In baseball, basketball and track athletics the organization made a fine record.

Last, but not least, more enlisted men connected with this organization won commissions than from any other organization in the 316th Sanitary Train.

OUR DESTINY

Right from the start—back in the office where the recruiting was done—there had been rumors as to when the company would go to France. We knew we were enlisting for service overseas, for there was a telegram from Washington, D. C., to that effect, to spur recruiting on. From the day we signed the oath of allegiance to our country until the day we were discharged we heard rumors that directly and indirectly affected us. Some of these rumors—in fact most of them—were wildly improbable; others — the comparative few, based on probabilities that for the most part were clearly apparent—developed into the actualities that formed our military history.

The man who drilled on Multnomah Field, first in civilian clothes and then in brand-new uniform was a man who kept his head up to face the struggle of a life unknown to him. The man who marched to the train that was to take him to the Atlantic sea-board, though a seasoned, well-trained soldier, kept his head up to face struggles and difficulties—the realities of the Argonne and the Ypres-Scheldt Drive—which his imagination could not encompass. And it was well that this was so. The life ahead of the man was harder by far than the life he had lead, hard as it had been. But onward he went, cheerful, confident and brave, to an unknown land and unknown dangers, and Camp Lewis saw him no more until he returned to be honorably discharged from the service.

PART II

PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING

From the time of our arrival at Camp Lewis, the paramount question in the minds of all was "when do we go from here?" Especially during the early training days was this true. Conversation swung about it, converged toward it, clustered around it and focused upon it. Even when thinking or speaking about other things, this vital question burned vividly in the sub-conscious mind. Though at all times there was vast uncertainty as to the length of time we were to be held there, some should not have been "surprised" if the company had been ordered away at the end of a month; others, more conservative, thought three months would be the possible limit; still others, more dubious, were inclined to feel that the time might be indefinite, though they conceded the possibility of moving orders being received any day. The subject was the motive for many a wager and, incidently, the cause of many dollars being hurried into circulation at the expense and discomfiture of certain members of the company.

About the middle of November, Lieutenant Monroe started the rumor that he had it on semi-official authority, that December 15 should see us on our way to New York. This made the boys jerk to attention and look alive. But the rumor was not well founded. Nothing happened. And as the calendar clicked off the days, they grew into months, the winter had passed, spring was upon us and we seemed to have taken root on the spot. By this time some had grown hard-boiled watching the floating bubbles of rumor as they were blown from day to day, and resolved to watch no more, having given up the hope of leaving the place until the end of the war. About this time the abbreviation, "S. O. S.," came into its own. It was usually applied, either audibly or mentally, to each rumor (latrine or otherwise), though there were always some who, with varying degrees of receptivity, never tired of watching these bubbles to see whither they would lead; and with the bursting of each successive sphere, watched with unabated eagerness for the launching of a fresh one. When it collapsed they joined in the loud chorus of disclaimer as the boys sounded off in the vernacular suited to the occasion.

The months of training and keeping our ear to the ground had made us unusually psychic. All through the month of May there had been a growing feeling that our time at Camp Lewis was drawing to a close, and when, early in June, an abrupt change took place, we should have sensed it had we been blind, so pronounced were the indications. Major Colbert said: "You boys are going to France very soon now—much sooner than you think. Just how soon I am not at liberty to state. So make the most of your time." Later we were told that we might inform relatives and friends that inside of three weeks we should be on our way. But always indefinite and a certain air of secrecy shrouding it. During the last few days there was a slackening of the rigid training that had made muscles hard as boards and each move had a definite meaning. Our hospital equipment was loaded aboard the cars. Code addresses were selected by each man, to be used in case he should cable from overseas, and instructions issued to so inform the one whom he might cable. These cable addresses were composed of an ingenious combination of the name and place, being part of each word so arranged as to form the most euphonious combination.

Rumor bubbles ceased to float in the air, for all now was fact and verity. The sturdiest doubter doubted no more. We were surely going. It required some hours for our minds to come into a complete realization of what we were facing. The unbelievable had occurred. The time to which we had looked forward for so many months had come. After eleven months, eleven days and eleven hours at Camp Lewis, we were leaving for the East.

While the morale of 364 had always been maintained at a high standard, yet a certain mechanical spirit, at times on the borderland of the listless, had been prevalent—a spirit inseparable from, and consonant with the attitude of the typical training camp mind. But now there was noticed a new light in the eye, and every man moved as with a purpose. There was serious work ahead. The time to perform real service was at hand. The knowledge galvanized into new activity and raised the morale to a higher order.

On the Train

THE TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Many fond good-byes were said by those who were fortunate enough to have friends and relatives to see them leave; but the grand prize was given to George Drew. It surely was tough for him.

At 4:45 P. M. of Thursday, June 27, 364 climbed onto and over-populated two tourist Pullmans and wondered how life for six days could be tolerated under such crowded conditions. But now, as we fall into a reminiscent mood, this trip stands forth like a blazing star as one of the luxurious events of our army career.

Before entraining, the route over which we were to be taken was kept secret. We were headed South. Among the boys who lived in Portland there was a division of sentiment. Some, of course, would have been glad to see members of their family, should the route take them through their home town; yet it should have been more of a heart rend than a consolation, and some preferred to slip away without having to cause the pain of final parting. For, after all, those good-byes did not seem to get us anywhere. They were harder on the ones left behind.

At Vancouver, Washington, there was a delegation to greet us. Several sleight of hand artists had circumvented orders and wired ahead to Portland causing an exodus of the 364th Ladies Auxiliary. A few more good-byes while we changed train crews, and we were off over the Union Pacific. When the train came to a stop, then started moving again, the engine taking the switch and the line of sixteen cars began to slowly bend to the left, indicating that the long Eastern journey had actually begun, it was at that moment that the Portland boys realized (with a deep-drawn breath), that there was not even a chance for them to see their people—not for a long time.

The next morning we were introduced to a set of rules which were to be rigidly enforced. No visiting between cars, no yelling from windows, no information to be given as to what unit we belonged, where we were from, or where we were going.

La Grande was our first stop for exercise. Companies left the cars at the sound of assembly and were treated to a short hike, well seasoned with double time. This schedule was

repeated several times each day during the entire trip. Occasionally, after the hike, we were permitted to converse with the natives for a few minutes before being herded into the cars. Stops were made at Huntington, Oregon; Montpelier, Idaho; Green River, Wyoming; Sidney and Grand Island, Nebraska. At North Platte, Nebraska, the company stood muster. The Red Cross served coffee and sandwiches at Clinton, Iowa. Stops were made at West Chicago, Chicago, Kent, Ohio, and Salamanca, New York. At 8:30 in the evening of July 2, as we were preparing to re-entrain after marching through the streets of this town, one of a bevy of girls —out in quest of romance—was heard, whimsically and a little reproachfully, to say: "You boys from the West are slow." And they pressed in upon us as though to restrain us from leaving at once. But against these snares and pitfalls we had been enjoined by Captain Monroe (who was in charge of the company enroute, Major Colbert having gone ahead with Hart Browne two weeks before as debarkation officer in England), to beware. Said he: "You will probably find that some of the girls along the way will want to be loved more than you will." Stops were also made at Port Jarvis, Pennsylvania, and Suffern, New York. At the latter place Red Cross women handed out cookies, chocolates, cocoa and cigarettes.

CAMP MERRITT

On the evening of July 3, we arrived at Camp Merritt, where we were quartered in barracks until the 11th. Passes were available the day after our arrival and each man had several opportunities to visit New York.

Our clothing was thoroughly examined by Lieutenant Brooke, and his husky grip proved many articles to be unserviceable. After the outfitting began, we were kept going day and night—and all hours of the night — until it was finished. Some of the boys wasted hours trying to make their lower limbs look trim and shapely in the new issue of wrap puttees; but for general efficiency no one could excel Leonard Kaufman.

Though required to turn in our russet shoes before being issued the trench shoes, the boys deferred as long as possible, in order to have the lighter footwear for a neater appearance on the streets of New York. A few made the trip after ex-

changing. As they walked along Fifth Avenue shod in horseshoe heel and hob-nail sole, making a racket like the wooden sabot of the native of that country to which they were going, many a curious glance was directed at their pedal extremities. This scrutiny, keenly felt at the time, was endured with a new grace on our return from overseas when, in their service shoes, they trod the selfsame streets. But in each case the glance askance was observed to cover the same sector of the anatomy.

Reveille sounded at 3:30 A. M. of the 11th, and soon after mess the march for Alpine Landing was started. This was our initiation into the Grand Lodge of Secret Army Orders. No one knew where we were going. The entire Sanitary Train and part of the 364th Infantry boarded a ferry boat, which was several sizes too small, and started down the Hudson. Our destination proved to be Pier No. 59, New York, where we immediately embarked on the "Olympic" and were stowed away on D deck.

GOOD-BYE BROADWAY

At 9:15 A. M. on the morning of the 12th, there was a prolonged hoarse blast from the throat of the steamer, seeming to last several minutes. Hurrying officers ordered: "Stand back and stand fast!" As we stood fast, facing outward, the adjacent pier was seen to be slowly receding. We were moving! The A. E. F. had acquired a most efficient field hospital.

No wonder the men of 364 were strangely still. A new epoch seemed opening up before us. Minds were busy with thoughts in retrospect, mingled with those of prospect, as to the future heavily freighted with possibilities, with uncertainty. All seemed shrouded in mystery. It is at such moments that the soul of man cries out against his limitations. He reaches out into the blackness of infinite space, groping, clutching, inquiring. No answering contact rewards. His hand returns to him void. The veil remains. We must wait. Thus slowly, very quietly we drifted, as if impelled by some hidden, inevitable impulse, past that image standing as guardian of our liberties, for the perpetuation of which we were now moving outward toward the glassy sea. And over all the palpable, brooding spell of hush. Not one disputed its sovereignty.

After passing the outer buoy our pilot left us, bidding us "good-bye and good luck." Our escort, consisting of a dirigible, two hydroplanes and a destroyer, dropped out one by one until, at nightfall, the destroyer only remained. The morning of the second day it was gone. But the six-inch guns and speed of the "Olympic" were considered ample protection.

When well out to sea, our course was changed to a southerly direction. This course was followed until out of the supposed path of the submarines when we again headed East, leaving a zigzag trail in our wake throughout the entire distance. A sharp lookout was kept for submarines. the gunners standing by the guns. Sometimes objects were apparently sighted which promptly developed into phantoms, and the excitement, rapidly welling high in anticipation of action, subsided as it grew. So far as is known, not a submarine was sighted.

The third day out (Sunday evening), Herbert Hoover made an address on "The Conservation of Food." As our mess was conducted by the British, further conservation on our part was hardly necessary or possible. The speech was adding insult to injury. Gathered there under the pale moon, on the towering deck of the giant steamer, 892 feet in length, the dull throbbing roar of her engines but faintly heard at that distance, it was hard for us to realize, as the voices of the Red Cross nurses blended with those of the men in the singing of hymns, the concerto effect floating out on the soft summer air, that it was to war we were going and not attending a roof garden party.

The voyage was uneventful, with virtually no seasickness. Exercise was provided mainly by boat drills and running on the promenade deck; although the mania of the duty officers to clear decks kept us moving continually. Being an absolute quotation, the slogan, "You can't sit here. You can't stand here. You can't stay here," first drew breath of life early in the passage, receiving its baptism of immortality.

Blue denims and life preservers were the prescribed costume for enlisted men. After several hours in the ship's brig, Sergeant Hershner decided he was no exception to the rule. Officers, of course, wore nothing over their uniforms, not even life preservers. Some of the boys suggested that possibly they would not sink. As officers had the privilege of

conversing with the Red Cross nurses, of whom there were several hundred on board, and the enlisted men had not that privilege, the former were often fixed with many an evil eye. The nurses favored with nature's kindest benediction—charm, became at once the cynosure for those officers in whose thought the sly little urchin with the quiver, bow and arrows held hegemonic sway. The pulchritude was promptly snapped up and lacked not for entertainment; while her less favored sister, torn between conflicting thoughts, muttered platitudes and moistened her pillow.

The first boat drill caused some excitement. The short, quick, continuous blasts from the hoarse throat of the vessel, like some gigantic creature startled at the sudden discovery of an enemy, giving the alarm and marshaling for battle; the wild sounding call of many bugles; the shouting orders of officers; the confusion of rushing men, some of whom thought we were surrounded by submarines, the imagination conjuring many possibilities; the pallid cheek of nurses, the forward inclination of their bodies denoting weakness as they strove to hurry, but making little headway—all composed a picture memory still retains.

At night the outer panels of the decks were closely drawn to preclude the possibility of a spark of light being seen by a passing submarine. For the men who slept on deck these were long, toilsome nights, with nothing to relieve the monotony, save one night a lonely clarionetist somewhere out on the bow played—with a master hand—"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe" and others. There was something in the playing of that solitary musician, in his unique setting, that was altogether weird, which pulled mightily at the heartstrings, which brought a surge of recollections. Some there were who, under the influence of its enchanting spell, turned their faces to the bottom of the sea and gave themselves unreservedly to the luxury of sentimental feeling.

On the morning of the 18th (seventh day), we were picked up by five destroyers, two of which criss-crossed our bow, one on our port, one on our starboard, and one zigzagged across our stern. This convoy of enemies to the submarine kept us close company until our arrival in the harbor next day.

SOUTHAMPTON

At the shout of "land!" the chalky cliffs of the Isle of Wight were faintly visible through the fog. As we drifted slowly past, the lifting fog making the outlines more distinct, we contemplated the island with much speculation as to whether it appeared that day as it did during the days when Tennyson wrote, on that spot, the "Idyls of the King."

While lightly grounded on a mud flat in the harbor for about four hours, we shed our life preservers and blue denims. Floating off at high tide we landed in Southampton harbor about 8 o'clock the evening of the 19th. Time, seven and one-half days—good time considering our zigzag course. Major Colbert, who had crossed several days in advance as debarkation officer in England, was standing on the pier as the "Olympic" drew alongside, and many were the shouts of greeting.

That night there was not much sleeping done. Long lines of men were kept moving, unloading barracks bags until after midnight, and in the general bustle and confusion many did not spread their blankets, but flopped down in the most convenient place to finish out the morning. After breakfast and roll call, the company debarked, spending the day on the dock. As each man filed past he was given a facsimile copy of this letter, penned by the hand of King George:

"Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.

"The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you and bid you Godspeed on your mission.

"Windsor Castle, GEORGE, R. I."
"April, 1918.

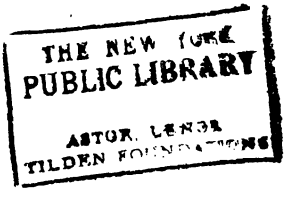
CROSSING THE CHANNEL

At 4 o'clock we boarded the diminutive channel boat, "King Edward." All the men being stowed away in the hold, this craft seemed more akin to an exaggerated steam launch than any vessel built to ride the waves. Steaming back down the harbor, we anchored in the channel and

Captain Monroe
Lieut. Vanderboget

Captain Corper
Lieut.-Colonel Whitcomb
Lieut.-Colonel Strohm

Captain Koehn
Lieut.-Colonel Mount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waited for the darkness of night. After getting under way with all port holes closed, smoking banned, the one dim light in a remote, sheltered quarter burning like a taper by whose uncertain light the myriad forms prone, leaning, or grotesquely sprawled—two deep and sometimes three; some sleeping, some too ill to sleep, some unable because of their cramped position, the dense vitiated air, and the weight of bodies; the scene suggested a detachment of soldiers, felled by a surprise gas attack, lying as they fall. To make one's way to the single flight of stairs leading up onto the deck was a hazardous undertaking. It was impossible to negotiate without treading on at least several. Some, however, when overtaken by the sickness, managed to make the deck, at the entrance to which a sergeant was posted who ordered "Away back old man! Throw her away back!" Then began the tenuous navigation of that pitching, rolling, slippery deck, with a favorable wind. Some of these reached the rear in time; but some who were unable to extricate themselves from their position were in sorry plight. Altogether it was a wild night on the channel. A few finding it more salubrious, sat on deck watching the indistinct outline and listening to the hiss of the rapidly moving water. A few yards distant on either side bulked the dim outlines of two grim spectres, keeping silent vigil. Not a spark was seen. An odd companionship was felt in the presence of these destroyers with the protection they gave. At length, while it was yet dark, they were seen to drop to the rear and take a definite position as if anchored. At that moment our course was suddenly changed, our speed cut down, and we were entering the harbor at Cherbourg, having again outwitted and eluded the submarine.

CHERBOURG

Our first view of France came with debarkation at daylight when the five-mile hike to an English rest camp at Tourlaville began. The white, stone buildings of quaint architecture, the odd looking streets with here and there a group of shabby children, all in black, giving us warm welcome as they smiled into our faces, some taking us by the hand, scampering along by our side or holding out their hands, calling "pennies, pennies," their English vocabulary being limited to this one word. The spectacle of these French

children, poorly clad and with insufficient food, many of them orphaned, brought home to us that day as we marched through the streets of Cherbourg, the lesson of the war as the great, cruel cancer gnawing at the heart of France. Though we had but landed, the results were already apparent. Occasionally an elderly woman, bareheaded, shod with wooden sabots, meeting us with downcast eyes or averted face, dashed away a tear as the company marched on, leaving her with her memories. Or a young widow, her pale, dark-eyed beauty partially veiled by her weeds, stood quietly till we should pass; but with an impassive, far-away look, hardly appearing to notice. She, too, had her story.

Reaching the outskirts of the city the tall French carts, big enough to accommodate the whole family, were met coming in to church—for it was Sunday morning.

By the time the company arrived at the camp everybody had worked up a good sweat. This was because the road was a gentle gradient—and part not so gentle—the entire way; also the head of the column (as usual) seemed in a hurry to get there. This made the shorter men in the rear of the column—and from there to the front with consistently diminishing speed—increase cadence and speed in order to keep up. This was true with all of our hikes.

The white, octagonal tents of this English rest camp, of which there were several thousand, were situated in a large space covering many acres, which was divided into compartments by hedges, the whole being surrounded by a tall hedge. While waiting two hours to be assigned to quarters, some of the boys, overcome by fatigue and loss of sleep, flopped down upon the greensward and soon were tightly in the embrace of Morpheus. Others, thinking more of their health, stood or moved about feeling cold and clammy. Though under the unobstructed rays of a midsummer day's sun, the air, to us in our condition, had the tang of bleak December.

The hike had brought confidence to our legs and stomachs again, but in vain. Again the English had control of our rations, and during our five-day sojourn here our stomachs were the only portion of our anatomy that rusted. Corn beef and hardtack was the menu and not enough of that to keep soul and body together. So strict was the embargo that a food riot was the usual thing almost every day, the commissary coming off second best.

In this camp Albert Goodrich contracted scarlet fever, his tentmates, J. Carroll, Longpre, Ludlow, Griswold and Crofton were quarantined and dropped from the roster.

Some rivalry developed among the boys as to who was the best container in this, their first experience with French wine. Said the British: "Drink all you want; but if you can't 'old it, don't drink it."

J. Vranizan, the obstreperous, distinguished himself by breaking camp one night, jumping over the hedge, eluding the guard and making his way to town, so loud for him was the call of Bacchus. But he was caught by a British sentry on his return and thrown into the guard house. The next day he was released; but a sentence of thirty days hard labor was imposed. That is why Vranizan was on every detail during the next thirty days. Weeks later an official communication of British origin, embellished with many signatures, found its way to General Headquarters and finally filtered down to the company commander, inquiring if the sentence had been executed.

ST. NAZAIRE

July 25, Lieutenant Colonel Reynolds decided to move. At 18 o'clock and 40 minutes (6:40 P. M.), we shouldered packs, hiked back to Cherbourg and entrained in box cars. This was our first tenancy of these cars with capacity hommes 40, cheveaux 8, and as a novelty soon passed away. In disposing ourselves for the night, the main difficulty was in finding space for our feet. In making extension of these heavy, iron shod extremities, aromatic from the hike, nothing was more certain than that an upturned face, conveniently near and apparently there for the sole purpose, received the full benefit of a direct hit. This was registered in various ways, depending on the disposition, temperament and volubility of the one registering. But we lay down (some of us), to dream, perchance to sleep. We thought mostly, dreamed some and slept little. With the vortex of imprecations that swirled upward like unhallowed incense before the throne, supplication mingled curiously—imprecation because of present stress, supplication that it might be the last; and the song accompaniment of the cars, "bundy, bundy, bundy," in rhythmic cadence keeping time to the sleep of those who slept.

The next day passing through the rich, agricultural section of Northern France, the peasants were harvesting their wheat in the primitive manner of their forefathers, modern labor saving machines being almost unknown among these people. The work, for an obvious reason, was being performed by old men, women and boys who were bearing up under the "burden and heat of the day" with a morale typical of the soul of France. Already we were beginning to observe the oustanding quality of the French people—the power to resist, the power to endure—a succession of wars through the centuries making it an essential part of their moral fibre and entering into their very bone and sinew.

At LeMons, Barendrick and Thompson strayed too far away and the train pulled out leaving them there. This fact, becoming known to Lieutenant Colonel Reynolds, resulted in a tightening of discipline.

Arriving at St. Nazaire early in the morning of the 27th, we hiked to Camp No. 1 before breakfast and went into barracks; though, as compared with our barracks in this country, they could hardly be dignified by that title. They were long, one-story buildings with tar-paper roof and earthen floor, a row of double-deck bunks extending the length of the building on either side. The principal utility of the upper berth consisted in shaking down straw, dirt and rubbish onto the bunk beneath, filling the eyes and mouth of the occupant, thereby constituting a prolific source of profanity. Or if the lower had been arranged with infinite care for inspection, it was the plain duty of the occupant of the upper berth to plant his foot, in making the ascent, just where the damage would be greatest.

The next day (though Sunday, it was the same as any other day) half of the company was detailed for warehouse work. We now understood what the colored boys, standing by the wayside as interested spectators the morning before as we came in, meant when they said: "We'll have some more help now." Warehouse detail, road work and drill was the daily grind. Coming in from work, warm and dusty, it was a welcome recreation to march down for a swim in the cooling waters of the Bay of Biscay. This was a daily event. One day Sheeley (called the "Rouge Corporale" by the mademoiselle) became detached from the rest of the boys while in the water and was not accounted for at roll call before

starting back for camp. He was last seen well out in the water, and knowing him to be of a daring, reckless disposition, though a powerful swimmer, the boys feared the worst and in their hearts began to say for him a potential requiem as they marched back, rather more silent than usual. However, as we were eating our supper (gritty with the dust blown across the parade ground), Sheeley appeared—smiling. He had embarked on a little private exploration of the bay, and thus absorbed, was oblivious to the passing of time.

The 1st of August was marked by an inspection by General Pershing. Passes to the city were dealt with customary impartiality. On these occasions banquets were the rule and French liquor, of course, was easily obtained. Lack of space prevents enumerating those who succumbed to the wiles and guiles of J. Barleycorn and came back to camp in a pitiable condition. It would merely be a repetition of the company roster. One or two of the boys who occupied upper berths succeeded in finding the barracks, but had difficulty in locating their bunks. After receiving necessary assistance they sometimes made the night uncomfortable for their neighbor beneath, who, upon arising in the morning, found his shoes and clothing in a deplorable condition.

A UNIQUE LETTER

About the first of August some ingenious member of the company evolved the brilliant idea of writing an autograph letter to Earl R. Goodwin, whom we had left behind in the O. T. C. It was written on tissue paper and nearly all of the company sent some message or word of greeting. With gradually increasing length it went the rounds and by the time the last man had signed it had grown to a length of about eight feet. The Portland newspapers called it "the longest letter ever written. That this unique remembrance from his comrades over the sea received its full mead of appreciation was shown by subsequent letters to different members of the company, as well as by the fact that it is today being preserved by "Honey" as a souvenir de guerre. Moreover, it shall ever be a never-failing aid in keeping green for 364 memories of St. Nazaire.

HOOKED FOR NOT SHAVING

From Train Headquarters had come the warning: "I will give 364 one more chance to co-operate with me." Several things had occurred which, while trivial and unimportant, had served to increase the disfavor into which the company had fallen with the Commander of the Sanitary Train—a disfavor that, from the beginning, had its origin in a senseless prejudice. While offenses, errors, imperfections might be condoned or even overlooked in other companies, they never failed to be noted in 364—and remembered: and with each succeeding imaginary offense, that disfavor accumulated momentum and power that eventuated in this utterance hinting darkly of dire things to come. To illustrate: From headquarters came the ukase that every man should appear in line the next morning clean shaven. Different interpretations were placed on this by different men. While some men are clean shaven the day after shaving, others are not. Some having already performed the depilatory operation, and whose faces would not bear a second scraping the next day without getting sore, appeared in line clean shaven, as they thought, like they had done countless times before. As the company stood at attention one of the officers came down the line, the top sergeant accompanying the inspection and taking the names of the men as they were indicated. At the close of the inspection these names were read, the men ordered to fall out and each in his turn required to explain to the officer why he did not shave that morning. This trivial incident was merely an attempt on the part of Lieutenant Colonel Reynolds, in whose bad graces we were, to discipline the men of 364. The displacing of Captain Monroe as temporary commander of the company, by Lieutenant Brooke, and his subsequent transfer, was in accord with the colonel's general policy and antagonistic attitude toward the company.

HIKE TO LE BEAUX

The hike to Le Beaux, a summer resort on the beach, was, to us, like the cooling oasis to the parched traveler. It was made by all the company except the K. Ps., sergeant of quarters and a few on sick report.

This resort, one of the scenic beaches of the world, af-

forded, by way of variety, opportunity for meeting new and more classy mademoiselles—for illusion was ever busy—as well as lunch in the shade of the trees and the daily swim.

EVENING CONCERTS

Concerts outside the barracks in the evening after supper were a means of self-entertainment and a morale strengthener. Violins, clarionets and guitars were brought together from other companies as well as our own, in numbers sufficient to form a young orchestra. The melodies that poured from the human throat, whether in solo or chorus, were enough to cause the heart of the comely mademoiselle to pause in clinging adoration under the thrall of its seductive spell.

SICK REPORT

The four weeks' stay at St. Nazaire was characterized mainly by the prevalence of diarrhea, every man having been afflicted with it. The cause had been the subject of much attention and research by the combined personnel of the medical men of the sanitary train, but without success. Every available clew was traced to its source, but, in the end, the man of science was left with only his guess—nothing conclusive. The mess was watched, both as to quality and preparation of food; the water was boiled and chlorinated; sanitary conditions were made the best possible under the circumstances. But the epidemic raged in spite of all that could be done, including consumption of vast quantities of bismuth. We were told in a lecture by Captain Monroe that had it not been for our prophylactic injections at Camp Lewis, practically the entire command should probably have been ill of typhoid.

The general feeling that with a change of locality would come better conditions of health proved to be correct.

OFF FOR THE FRONT

On the 24th day of August we entrained in third-class coaches and began the step-by-step process of moving up to the front. During a three-day trip we passed through Nantes, Angers, Tours, Bourges, Nevers, Dijon and Is-sur-Tille, arriving at Meuse on the evening of the 27th.

While there was nothing palatial about these cars, they

were a grand improvement over the box cars in which we had been transported thus far over French terrain. With five or six men in each compartment, there was room enough to lie down at night without the blissful experiences of that other journey. Verily, could it be said of us, we lay down to sleep.

At Is-sur-Tille an army of Boche prisoners were unloading dirt from flat cars and wheeling it away. While waiting here a few hours, "Slick" Meyers was detailed by Dave Rodgers to get some water, thereby further incurring the disfavor of Colonel Reynolds, who detected him in the act, and the whole company was in "Dutch." Though the men of other companies had been guilty of the same offense, the Colonel's eagle eye being trained on 364, we were summarily called to account. For this flagrant crime the entire company was confined to the cars—strictly and absolutely—for the remainder of the trip.

MONTIGNY-LE-ROI

The night was spent in pup tents. The next day the field hospital marched to Montigny-le-Roi and billeted in houses and barns. A contigent of the company was quartered over a wine-cellar, where the thirst-producing aroma ever rose to greet the waiting nostril—to greet and tantalize. But in the circumstances it had the effect merely to stimulate the traffic.

Major Colbert, Hart Browne and the men who had been left in quarantine at Tourlaville were there to greet us and happy was the reunion.

At this juncture Lieutenant Schilt was transferred to the infantry.

The company was here outfitted with gas masks. While light wines with little detail and gas drill did much to refresh us, on the first of September a thirty-two kilometer hike with full packs proved that war was not all pleasure.

This was a strenuous hike. Starting at noon, we hiked till about 5 o'clock. After pitching pup tents and getting settled for the night, word came down the line that the problem had been changed. Simultaneously came the order to "strike tents" and, amid much crabbing, the return march was begun. We thought much throughout the hot afternoon as to why this shoulder-sinking, soul-getting hike

was required of us. We had negotiated many long hikes away back at Camp Lewis (but not in this heavy marching order) and, as a necessary training adjunct, it failed of appreciation. Not until about sundown, when a halt was made and while waiting by the wayside for supper, did this solution to the problem come: They walked us, and they walked us, while the sweat ran down over the ridge of our beaks to enrich the already fertile soil of France; they walked us in order that our clothing might become saturated, in order that we might dry it on our bodies. And, waiting by the roadside while the chill air of evening came stealing over us, our nether garments stuck to our persons and we began to feel cold and clammy. At last! we had solved the vexing problem. We got back to billets a little after midnight, staggeringly tired.

The next few days found us occupied at Meuse handling food and ammunition, also a tank car of wine intended for the French. All excess baggage, including extra uniform, was salvaged and barracks bags taken away.

The "Y" hut was a popular resort not only for American soldiers but also for the Poilus who were home on leave, and the female population as well—especially at cinema time in the evening, when they would fill the place to overflowing, the women crowding their way to the front as though it was an ordinary and proper thing to do.

THE BEER BOTTLE SALUTE

The outstanding feature of the life at Montigny-le-Roi was the saluting. We had been thoroughly trained in saluting, but now a new brand was introduced, called the "beer bottle" salute. It was executed with chin well in air, eyes cast skyward and lolling. Under normal conditions, failure to salute would be overlooked by an officer, circumstances mitigating; but at this place saluting had to be done under all circumstances and at every turn. From seeking to avoid this military duty whenever justifiable, the boys turned to looking for opportunities to salute. They took no chances. They saluted here, they saluted there, they saluted everywhere. If they did not they were "called." The situation resolved itself into a contest for testing the durability of the right arm. As the boys walked down the street, cutting the air like automatons, they took comfort

in the knowledge that the Sam Brownes, being outnumbered, were handicapped. This gave them a thrill. Everybody said Montigny was the "nuts" place to salute. Perhaps the abundance of the beverage that cheered was not without its decisive influence in the matter. But it was noted that this abnormal salute—with its abnormal demand—did not persist beyond this town.

MAIL

Mail was received at irregular intervals. The first small consignment followed closely upon our arrival at St. Nazaire. By the time we left there all but two of the boys had had at least one letter from home. Mark this scene: It has now been six weeks since our arrival overseas. The shout of "mail" causes as much excitement as a gas alarm did later. There is a mad scramble as running men converge from every quarter toward a common center. The knot of humanity swells as the alarm spreads, until all in the vicinity have heard and obeyed the impulse. Tensely they listen to the voice as it drones the names of the fortunate, the recipients eagerly seizing the packet, scanning the old, familiar hand. The thrill of glory he feels rising within his breast, pervading his entire being, is hardly akin to anything of earth, and his morale at once rises fully 100 per cent. But look again. Here is one with downcast, lack-luster eye and drooping shoulders, as with hands in pockets he moves with flagging step, lingering on the outskirts of the crowd—without hope. The droning abruptly ceases as the last name is called. The knot falls apart.

"How many letters did you get, Bill?"

"Didn't get any."

"I got six." And on he went, too absorbed in his own good luck for even a thought of sympathy or word of consolation for Bill. Though some have received more than their share, Bill generously tries to glory in their good fortune, remaining silent as to his own lack of it. But, incidentally, his morale is at a low ebb. This, to himself, he does not deny. He wonders vaguely. Blindly he gropes for the reason until, lost in the maze of fear, doubt and uncertainty, he at length abandons the thought—this paralyzer of activity, of incentive to act—resolving to hope anew and to hope on.

No wonder letters were received "like a million dollars." It was forcibly brought home to us many times while trying to do our bit in the land of the Hun, where we were learning to think straight, that if the folks at home but knew how important letters were as a factor in promoting the morale of the army, they surely would not only have written more, but would have influenced others, who possibly did not write at all, to write. Thus more fully should they have done their bit.

BONNET

September 6th we plodded twenty-three weary kilometers through the rain to Toulain, where we entrained in box cars, arriving at Houdelain Court the next morning. Part of the company was left here for several days on detail, the rest proceeding to Bonnet. This was about the dingiest town in France that it was our lot to billet in, likewise the dirtiest; cows, hogs, chickens and ducks ran at will, mingling in the streets with rain and barnyard juices. This place will be remembered for gas drill in the orchard, and the loud, insistent call to prayer of the deep-toned church bell on the hill.

On the evening of the 10th we rolled packs and hiked until daylight. Although we did not know it until later, we were moving up as reserves for the St. Mihiel drive. The day (rainy) was spent in pup tents in the woods. In the evening we broke camp and marched until 1:00 A. M. in a drenching rain, when the order to pitch tents was given. Then problem after problem arose; a mad scramble for the few level places, calling for old tentmates, and useless efforts to keep the contents of packs dry while erecting the shelter halves were a few of the troubles of the crack field hospital organized in far away Portland. Lieutenant Koehn showed his dexterity and originality by putting up his tent unaided, but not without loss of his usual sunny disposition. In addition, as he was going over an embankment, he slipped and fell into the mud, ruining his uniform and losing his glasses.

Sleep, under the circumstances, was about as seemly as wisdom for the fool. We sat in our pup tents, kept as dry as possible—though nothing was dry—and thought of the delicious cocoa we would make and the good things

we would have to eat (a sharp craving for which we then had) when again permitted to stick our feet under mother's table; listened to the music of our batteries murmuring "Oh—h! Oh—h!" as though making moan for the havoc they were working. To us came the assurance that to Fritz this barrage was more terrible than melancholy, and there stole over us a unique feeling of camaraderie for the guns out there, acting, as it were, as our mighty spokesman, speaking the word of finality that should be heard even unto Berlin. And hearing, those that heard should fear and quake.

Daylight was more than welcome, even though we had to roll packs and sit in the rain. That night, after supper, news reached us of the victory of our boys at St. Mihiel, a large number of prisoners being taken. Then there was much shouting and everybody was jubilant. For some mysterious reason the rain stopped, and, though blankets were still far from dry, the news of this victory so strengthened our morale that this discomfort was borne with the greater fortitude. The next day, while tucked away in these woods, a flock of 131 planes passed overhead at a great height, in regular formation, videttes outflung, appearing at that distance like a veritable flock of migratory Canadian honkers in spring, whose course is Northward, ever Northward. These allied planes were bearing a course taking them over the lines.

VAVINCOURT

That afternoon we hiked a short distance to Void. A truck train, driven by Chinese coolies of the French command, conveyed us to Vavincourt during the night. This was one more night of sleep deferred. The trucks were fitted with a board on either side, upon which we sat, with our packs piled in the center. The vision of this night is one of bobbing, nodding, swaying heads, bodies mostly in an upright position, though, in some cases, depending on their neighbor for support. Detrucking near Vavincourt about noon, the boys were marched upon the greensward and given a half hour's rest. Almost before the last man was down, the chorus of loud snoring that arose from that field of falling soldiers was such as to convey to the man of medicine the diagnosis of general anesthesia of the entire command. But sleep, though sweet, was of short duration.

We marched into town, billeted and had breakfast at noon from a neighboring mess.

More gas drill here. Also our first instruction in the art of dodging under trees or available cover at the approach of aeroplanes. For this purpose, as well as to note and report to what extent this taking to cover was being done, allied planes were appearing unexpectedly and hovering near. Here, as well as at St. Mihiel, flashes of the firing could be plainly seen on the Eastern horizon at night.

A detail, left at Bonnet, rejoined the company here.

ALL NIGHT HIKE FROM VAVINCOURT

On the evening of September 16th we left Vavincourt and hiked all night, passing through Vaubecourt, Triacourt and Fleury, arriving at Rarecourt about 7:00 A. M., footsore, weary and hungry, but with visions of a place—just anywhere—to lay our heads and rest our aching bodies. After falling out for a few minutes we made the comforting discovery that we had toiled all night only to miss our objective by eight miles. But we moved on to the edge of town, climbed into an orchard and flopped down under the trees. Soon it began to rain. This stirred us up again. Just as we had fortified ourselves against the rain, Major Colbert came up, saying: "Come now, boys, we must be going." Stung again! Orders were to proceed up the road in groups of not more than eight men, at intervals of two hundred yards, for we were now within the patrol of Boche planes. After covering about two miles in this formation, going very slowly, with frequent pauses to rest (for in addition to the all night hike, we had eaten nothing since the evening before) we were overtaken at 11:00 o'clock by a truck loaded with coffee, bully beef, bread, tomatoes and syrup! This was a veritable case of the good Samaritan—on a big scale. These men, belonging to a machinist company with quarters near the road, seeing us pass and guessing our plight, had thrown supplies from their own kitchen into a truck and hastened to our relief. It was about the whitest act it was ours to witness in our whole overseas experience. The reviving effect was immediate. Soon we were overtaken by trucks which carried us to some woods where we rested until evening.

At this time Lieutenant Colonel Reynolds and Major

Dowdahl were relieved as train commander and director of field hospitals, respectively, and replaced by Major Berry and Major Strohm.

Decided signs of shell fire marked some of the town through which we had recently passed and several air battles indicated that we were not far distant from the front.

After an early supper, packs were hastily rolled and we were again on our way. Though ignorant as to the time of the impending drive, all felt confident that very soon it was to be launched and everybody was eager to be in it. Continuing the hike, we brought up in a clump of woods about midnight and retired, as usual, in pup tents for a few hours' rest. Before 6:00 the next morning Major Dowdahl was thundering at our doors: "Get up, boys. This is no holiday!"

FOREST DE HESSE

That evening, September 20, Major Colbert called the company together, and, while gathered 'round, he said in a confidential tone: "Now, men, tonight we are going right up where the fireworks are. I want to warn you, every man, to be on his guard. No loud talking, no smoking at night. Don't stray away from the company. Don't venture to the edge of the woods, for you are sure to be seen by the enemy. One place I want to warn you about in particular. That is a point known as "Dead Man's Curve." The enemy's guns are trained on this all the time and no man who has dared to show himself there has come back. And remember this: whatever happens, don't, under any circumstances, allow yourself to be taken prisoner."

As soon as it was dark we set out over a road in range of the Boche guns. In about an hour the word was quietly passed down the line that a company preceding us had been gassed on the road about a mile ahead, and the order was given to examine gas masks, make sure they were in proper condition, carry them at the alert position, and in case of an attack to fall out at the right of the road. Clermont was passed without event, but a short distance farther the whizz of a shell was heard and the bang about half a mile behind. It was our first shell and the subject of conversation for some time.

Towards morning we reached the Forest-de-Hesse and

made camp. During the next few days we had the pleasure of several gas alarms and, although Gregory swore he smelled gas, nobody else suffered any ill effects. Occasionally a shell passed over us in both directions. One moonlight night a Boche plane, flying low, mistook a pile of cordwood, a few feet from the edge of the wood and not more than 200 yards from where we were, for a company of soldiers and opened fire, raking it with machine gun lead.

BRABANT

With a steady diet of "tin willy," everybody was glad when, on the night of the 24th, we moved out of this death trap to Brabant. Ward tents were erected and a shelled building was cleaned out for use as a surgery.

The detail left at Haudelaincourt rejoined the company here.

During the next two days, a Boche gunner, from a distance of four and a half miles, amused himself by sending over installments from his 77, at half-hour intervals. Though he apparently had the range, most of his offerings were going over by a few yards or falling short, due to our unique location on the slope of the hill.

A major, alighting from a car on the afternoon of the 25th, was standing in the road conversing with three other officers, when a shell from this gun burst, wounding the major so severely that he died in a few hours. Not realizing that he was mortally wounded, the major thanked us for our efficient work. This was the first casualty to receive treatment at our surgery.

The gun made it interesting for us, but on the third day it was captured by the Americans.

BATTLE OF THE ARGONNE

At 11:30 P. M. of September 25th the heavy, long-range guns opened fire on the German lines. The bombardment grew in intensity until 2:30 A. M., when all the corps and divisional artillery went into action. Not even those who were present can adequately describe that bombardment. A battery of heavy guns located at the brow of the hill just above us did their duty, and there was no sleep for 364 that night. The concussion, even at that distance, was terrific. It rocked the foundations of earth and shook the heart

within the breast. Although several miles behind the lines, the noise was deafening, but thrilling. The line of artillery was marked by a constant sheet of flame, making livid the entire Eastern horizon. At 6:00 A. M. the barrage lifted and our infantry began the advance that shall never be forgotten —the mighty advance of the great Argonne offensive, the greatest battle the world has ever known.

Our hospital was designated as a triage, or sorting station. Here the patient was given whatever first aid was deemed necessary and (unless he had previously had it) his anti-tetanus prophylaxis. Minor wounds were bandaged and, in case the patient was able, he was returned to duty. Severe wounds were given temporary treatment, such as stopping hemorrhage and immobilizing fractures. The patient was then sent to the evacuation or base hospital, depending on the severity of the wound.

At 9:45 A. M. we received our first patients, and from that time on no man could be accused of shirking. As the machine gun nest was the main portion of the Boche defense, the majority of the wounds were bullet wounds. The flow of the wounded was continuous, our only rest coming during occasional blockades of the roads. It would be vain to attempt to describe the hundreds of cases that passed through our triage during the early days of the drive. Some were fairly riddled with bullets, yet, through some mysterious chance, still lived. Some with a single perforation, but in a vital spot, were mortally wounded. The majority of machine gun wounds were leg wounds, this being characteristic of that type of wound. Then there was the ugly, gaping shrapnel wound, produced by fragments of shell. Some of our boys, desperately wounded, weak from loss of blood, suffering and exposure, called repeatedly for "mother." It was heartrending. With the continuous procession of litter-borne wounded, there was a waiting list much of the time. Once during the rush a wounded Boche was placed on the table, when some our boys were lying there; but the error was quickly detected by Sergeant Madison, in charge of the surgery, who sternly ordered: "Take that fellow off there and put one of our own men on."

The surgery corps worked with feverish haste in the sickening sweet atmosphere of American blood—the finest that ever was spilled—worked with a haste that made the

General Pershing and Major General Johnston after a conference, the day before the Argonne offensive

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head swim and the back ache, until the surgery, with its accumulation of bandages and scraps of uniform, seemed a veritable shamble. But the men did not know weariness until a lull brought its realization. Never were we more forcibly impressed with the bigness of our task—not only ours but of the entire American army—and it seemed we were able to do so little.

Regular mess for the wounded was almost impossible. Too much praise can not be given the Red Cross for their excellent system of providing cookies, hot cocoa and eating chocolate.

The salvage dump of gas masks, slickers and general war paraphernalia in the cellar of the building grew to huge proportions. One man was detailed to this duty.

The second day of the drive Boche prisoners began arriving from the lines. Most of them appeared to be glad of their capture, for it ended the fighting for them. They were being brought back in large numbers by our men. A Boche, slightly wounded, upon being questioned in the surgery, said: "Oh, oh! I never dreamed anything could be so hot (referring to the barrage). Thank God, no more war."

CHEPPY WOOD

By October 1st the infantry had advanced so that our hospital was too far back to be efficient. All equipment was moved to Cheppy Wood, where the rest of the sanitary train had already erected tents and was handling casualties in large numbers. The rest of the day and that night 364 relieved men of the other companies.

The road leading up to Cheppy was full of shell holes and, in places, almost impassable, although a detail was at work on it. Following the natural contour of the land, it wound about between the elevations, in the side of which were the German dugouts. The Boches had utilized this natural advantage to entrench themselves in the strongest kind of entrenchments.

These dugouts bore every indication of permanent tenancy. They were equipped with modern comforts and some of the luxuries of home. The occupants were not going to leave in a hurry. They had invaded the land, taken possession, had become imbued with the idea it belonged to them.

They intended to keep it. But on that memorable morning of September 26th, 1918, they were stricken with mal de tete and took a sudden notion to move out. They moved out. Graphophones and other luxuries, once so indispensable, became at once easily dispensable. These they left behind. Other dugouts were bashed in or wiped out entirely.

VERY

The next day we received orders to proceed to Very. En route, the movement of trucks was seen by a Boche plane. In a few minutes their artillery was making our position very uncomfortable. Most of the men sought refuge in shell holes away from the road; but Major Colbert caught a piece of flying shell in the wrist while seeking a hospital site. One of the boys was in a shell hole adjusting his gas mask when a voice at his back inquired, "Binzie! How the hell do you test for gas?" Looking around, he saw a pair of red puttees. The puttees belonged to Major Strohm.

With shelling ahead of us, as well as in the road and going over, we felt that day as though we were going into the "Valley of Death." Within the next few hours the company, assembled on the side hill near Very, having erected tents during an air raid, was receiving patients.

At the time of our arrival, the front lines were approximately a kilometer (⅝ mile) distant, and we were working in a more advanced position than any other unit of the kind of which we have any record. With Boche artillery straffing the batteries of 75s on all sides of us, fortunately not a man of the company was injured. While here, Jordan and Krause were added to the roster.

On the evening of the 4th, the 182nd Brigade, including the entire sanitary train, was retired from the line for a much needed rest. About midnight of the 3rd those not on duty had retired, when the Boches commenced shelling us, most of the shell hitting in front. Sergeant Hershner flew from pup tent to pup tent shouting, his voice vibrant with emotion: "364 men! We've got to get out of here! Get your stuff together the best you can! Make it snappy!" There was no moon and in the darkness, after much mussing and fussing and feeling about, packs were rolled—after a fashion. Then began the almost impossible task of taking down ward tents, hampered as we were by a network of

German wire that had been used to fasten camouflage; besides hospital equipment to be loaded on trucks. It seemed as though our hands were tied. Our feet were like lead. We would gather up an armful, start with it, stumble on something and go sprawling down hill—while the shells broke without ceasing. We seemed to make no progress. We moved like one in a dream—a hideous nightmare—getting nowhere, accomplishing nothing; but struggling, struggling with that we could not see.

BACK TO CHEPPY

At length it was done. An hour's hike back to Cheppy Wood and at 5:00 A. M. the warriors of 364 were "sitting pretty" in the ward tents filled with wounded a few hours before. It was well we got away from that hillside at Very that night. The next day the site occupied by our hospital became a mass of shell-holes.

CAMP PIERRE

After two days' rest, during which everybody wrote home, telling how we did it and giving as much information as the censor would allow, we made a strenuous all-night hike to Camp Pierre, located near the town of Dombastle. For strenuosity this hike compared favorably with those that had gone before. Back through No Man's land we trekked, over the road that was notoriously rough. Miraculously, no broken ankles resulted. During the latter half of the night, when the company fell out for rest and when "fall in" was given, the officers had a steady job waking the men who had fallen asleep.

The French barracks here were far from being equipped with the comforts of home; but the chickenwire bunks met with little criticism. Our kitchen failing to arrive until late afternoon, some of the boys ate their emergency rations, then flopped upon damp blankets until mess in the evening. But emergency or nothing, everybody flopped.

At this juncture wild rumors began to float. Austria, long weary of war, began to threaten to do what she had long wanted to do—lie down. This condition, with the continued success of the Argonne offensive, gave rise to much speculation as to the possible proximity to the end of the war—a speculation which, like other events of importance,

threw more francs into circulation. We had begun to see the end in the not distant future.

REVIGNY

After three days more of rest, the Sanitary Train moved through Cleremont and St. Menchold to Nettancourt. For once, fortune favored us and the entire company rode. The next day we moved by truck to the much-bombarded town of Revigny and were quartered in the barracks of Evacuation Hospital No. 15. The strain and exposure of the drive caused much sickness and our time here was occupied in operating a divisional hospital. Several members of 364 took advantage of sick call; but all recuperated in time to move with the company, with the exception of Sergeant Holbrook, our music master, Dore Baumgart, Corporal Sheeley and Fred Heying.

October 13th the news of Germany's "acceptance" of President Wilson's peace terms brought a feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration. But the French, it was noted, did not catch the infection of our enthusiasm. Instead, they appeared stolid and glum. However, the next day, Germany's attitude being looked upon with suspicion, the order was reversed: the French on the streets appearing better pleased with this view; the Americans' joy had subsided. Peace was as remote as ever.

October 15th there was an attempt at revival of Reveille. The attempt was a dismal failure, not more than half of the company turning out. Lieutenant Besson colored, smiled, looked at the ground and ordered the sergeant to dismiss the company. After one attempt it was abandoned. There were no penalties.

Putting up and moving tents furnished amusement for the company during the last two days at Revigny.

OFF FOR FLANDERS FIELDS

October 17th was moving day. In the evening we entrained in box cars (we were getting used to these luxuries) and during the next two days passed through Chateau Thierry, Espenay, the edge of Paris, Amiens, Boulogne and Calais, detraining just over the Belgian border, at Elverdinghe.

Upon our arrival several of the boys followed up a

"hunch" with the result several casualties were clicked. They were only cooties. This was our first discovery of the ticklers that were destined to stick to us closer than Mademoiselle or Belgian Rose. Just as the problem of "who won the war" shall forever remain unsolved, so will the identity of the person harboring the first cootie in 364 remain a mystery. When pup-tent pitching time came, two or three of the boys found themselves suddenly deserted, their partners having slunk away from them because the cootie advertising they had received had proclaimed them cootie inhabited.

As soon as the pup-tents were pitched, sight-seeing trips to Ypres were organized and by the next evening every one had a thorough knowledge as to how a devastated town should appear. We had seen shelled towns and villages before, but none had been reduced to the state of complete demolition that we beheld in the ruins of Ypres, that one-time city of 26,000 or more inhabitants. While contemplating the remains, we thought of that mighty city famed in history and ancient story, concerning which was made the prophecy: "There shall not be left one stone upon another." From this time on photographs (before and after) of the Ypres cathedral, that magnificent structure, were in great demand, far exceeding the supply.

THROUGH NO MAN'S LAND

In the evening part of the company piled into trucks and traveled through No Man's Land to Oostnieukierke, the remainder sleeping in dugouts. Incidentally, be it said, this was the first and only time "Judge" Hartley was heard to swear. The historic words came forth as he emanated from his dug-out the next morning, having contracted a cold during the night. That morning the rest of the company followed in French trucks. Mile upon mile of the world's most devastated region was unfolded to our view. Hardly a tree was left standing and shell holes so closely overlapped that it would have been impossible to pitch a shelter half on level ground. Hand grenades, shells, rifles and many other military articles and munitions of war were scattered everywhere, half buried in the mud. Occasionally we passed a tank whose career had been abruptly terminated by a shell. It was a veritable souvenir hunter's paradise. The French

were working on the road, which was worse than that in the Argonne. Occasionally, as we passed, they unearthed a dud, which they handled gingerly. For several miles we occupied the road in company with a long line of American artillery en route to the front, the drivers sitting their horses doggedly and looking down their noses. For it was a dull, dismal day, with drizzling rain.

OOSTNIEUKIERKE

As we neared our temporary destination, the landscape showed less marked signs of battle, although the town itself had been severely shelled. We established ourselves in billets that the Boche had deserted, and appropriated their double-deck bunks to our own use. During our three days' stay we were kept fairly well occupied operating a medical hospital. The never-to-be-forgotten "flu" epidemic had started.

ROULERS

On the 24th we moved to Roulers by truck and re-established our hospital in a convent. The Boche had used the place for the same purpose, as was evidenced by the numerous bunks and the red cross painted on the roof. The inner walls were liberally embellished with such mottoes as: "Gott strafe England;" "Fur Gott, mit Kaiser und Deutschland"; "Deutschland uber alles," and one which meant "We Germans fear God and no one else in the world."

With every ward full, the bunks crowded in close, there was not an idle moment for 364. Influenza patients were increasing, with some pneumonia and not a little diarrhea.

Munly was here made sergeant and Taylor was made corporal.

GUARDING A ROLLING KITCHEN

When the company went to Roulers, three men were left behind to guard a rolling kitchen. They had orders to accompany the driver when it should be called for and moved forward the next day. The three men guarded faithfully in relays that night, the next day and the next night. In the meantime the M. P. kitchen, at which they had been getting their meals, pulled out, making it necessary for them to forage through the town. In the afternoon while thus

engaged, having somewhat relaxed their vigil, a man hooked on and drove off with the kitchen. One of the trio, who had strolled down the road, was returning when he met the outfit. Expecting to see his comrades of the watch riding back there behind the horses, he came sharply face to face with the truth that they were not there! This brought him up all standing for a brief moment. But hastening on, he was again surprised to find that the kitchen, which three reliable men had been detailed to guard, had quietly stolen away without one of them seeing it leave.

From that moment until some hours after rejoining the company they suffered all the pangs of the damned. Visions of courtmartial, public reprimand, disgrace loomed big and portentous across their mental horizon, and in their breasts was a sickening qualm. They formed a secret pact to say nothing about the incident and await developments. Late that evening a truck loaded with medical supplies carried them to their destination. At the company it was apparent no one knew of the episode, not a word was said and they escaped the bawling out they feared. Also it is highly probable that to this day only the three concerned know of it. For this is the first time the story has been told.

WAEREGHEM

On the 30th of October our patients were evacuated and we rolled packs and stood by them. At 1:30 A. M. we left in ambulances, resting packs on our knees, with Oxyghem as our objective. While halting in a town, a battery of fifty-three French tanks rattled through en route to the front, the eyes of the drivers peering out from the slits in the turrets, looking beady and indistinct in the gray of the morning.

After rambling about for several hours, we swung into a road at daybreak and speeded up. At each town along the way the Belgian populace paused in their walk to turn and gaze after the broad, swiftly-revolving pneumatic tires as though they had never seen the like before. About 8 o'clock we brought up in Roulers, at the point of starting, with the decision that we had merely been joy riding. One fleeting glimpse of Major Berry's face, registering as it did his thoughts, was enough.

After a light breakfast we sallied forth again—this time

with better luck. Arriving at Oxyghem as the companies which had preceded us were lining up, we were just in time to fall in line for dinner. Another drive had started, and, besides treating soldiers of the United States, French and German armies, we cared for many wounded civilians that had been caught between the lines.

The afternoon of the next day we went in trucks with hospital equipment to Waereghem. Passing over a bridge within a stone's throw of where we had spent the night—a bridge that had been consistently bombed every night the Boche could locate it, and as often rebuilt by our engineers; through a town where the network of rails in the railroad yards had been so thoroughly bombed that the broken ends stuck up like spars; on through fertile country marked here and there by a shell hole; on over the hard surface road, under the low hanging wires that spanned the road from pole to pole on either side, where Chester Gast, perched high on equipment, lost his overseas cap (and nearly lost his head) by failing to duck soon enough. Barefoot men, women and children were seen carrying their scanty belongings, wrapped in small bundles or piled in a cart which they were pushing, returning to the place they were wont to call home.

At Waereghem we acted as advance hospital for the Sanitary Train. Our ward tents were erected on the estate of a Belgian baron; but not much was left of the dwelling, for the allies had discovered its use as German headquarters and bombed it with accuracy.

Our surgical tent was well covered with heavy blankets, because the acetylene light made a shining mark for the Boche planes. The nights were too clear for comfort and several bombs came rather close. During the rapid advance of the infantry a 77 M M gun and crew, located in a house about three and a half miles away, were overlooked. It was because of this gun that the night of November 3 was a hideous one for the men of 364. About 10 o'clock, when all seemed to be well, like a bolt of thunder from out a cloudless sky, a shell came crashing down, smashing the stillness into a million atoms and making havoc of night. The shock was the more pronounced because it seemed so absurdly impossible. All through the night at half-hour intervals the report of the gun was distinctly

heard, followed closely by the hellish scream of the missile as it tore directly over us to the road, with the result that several French soldiers were wounded and brought to the hospital. The thrills we got at Waereghem shall not be forgotten. In the morning the military police did for these infernal fiends that refused to back up.

The roads were far superior to those in the Argonne and transportation of wounded to and from our hospital was greatly facilitated.

OOSTROOSEBEKE

On the 4th of November the Division was relieved and the entire Sanitary Train was stationed at Oosteroosebeke. It was only a partial rest for 364, as we maintained a divisional infirmary and the Boche planes still caused uneasiness at night.

In the matter of bombing the Boche was very methodical. He did his work early—usually around nine o'clock—then went home and went to bed. Whenever the ominous drone of a bomber's motor was heard growing more and more distinct, the cry "Put out that d—— light!" was raised. Sometimes, despite the danger, a light was a little slow in going out. Whereupon a sergeant would thrust his head in and, with voice unusually resonant, promise the offender a certain desirable reward if the light was not extinguished that instant. About that time it went out.

It rained every day of our sojourn at Oostroosebeke. If it had not been for the liberal supply of hay which kept our bunks high and dry, life in the ward tents, in the midst of a slough of mud, would have been intolerable. But, with Sibley stoves, comfortable bunks and incessant crap games, the days, though gray and wet, were filled with song.

While here, Major Strohm took the place of Colonel Fields as Division Surgeon. Also Sergeant McNaughton left the company.

The first definite news signifying the end of the war was received on the 7th, when official communication announced that three German plenipotentiaries had passed through the lines to discuss arbitration. On the final day at Oostroosebeke one of the boys, while excavating, unearthed beaucoup bottles of wine that had been hastily covered by the Belgians before the German occupation. It was a veritable wine cellar.

SECOND EXPEDITION TO WAEREGHEM

On November 9th we moved back to Waereghem and rested while the other companies operated the divisional hospital.

Souvenir traffic now became rampant. A number of the boys were badly bitten by the germ and numerous deals in Lugers, iron crosses and other articles were made.

The ubiquitous small boy figured largely in these deals, which grew to such proportions compared with which the New York Stock Exchange looked like a 5, 10 and 15 cent store. Sergeant Jehlinger was surprised to find that his newly acquired Luger would work when the trigger was pulled. Dave Hazen was more scared than surprised.

Through the streets and byways on every hand was the evidences of German occupation. The Germans even preempted the food supply sent from the United States for the relief of the Belgians. The Belgians got what was left. But more especially with regard to the female population were the results of German occupation apparent. In view of the fact that some of the people were pro-German, it is not surprising that numerous subjects for the criminal department of the juvenile court were in evidence.

All day Sunday there was a continuous procession of French cavalry passing through, moving toward the front. The splendid appearance of men, horses and trappings proclaimed them the flower of the French army in this department.

Rumor strongly asserted that, unless the Germans surrendered, a massed allied drive would take place over the entire front, and to this end extensive preparations were being made to deliver the final crushing blow that would hurl the Boche reeling and staggering across the Rhine, thus conclusively ending the war on his own territory.

At the cinema that night a Frenchman who had inside information, arose and announced that the German plenipotentiaries had arranged to sign an armistice at 11:00 o'clock the next day. Though there had been a general feeling of expectancy, the first intimation we had of the true state of affairs was when, about 9:30, a Frenchman came running past our billets, his voice so choked with sheer joy that he wept as he tried to shout: "Finis la Guerre!" Almost simultaneously there was a noise in the streets as

of a young battle. Somebody said "German raid!" and Tony Gregory ran for his gas mask. The next instant a salvo of newly-bought Lugers went into action, adding their staccato word of proclamation through the open windows into the sky.

We have tried many times to express in words the peculiar feeling of exaltation that gripped us that memorable night of November 10, 1918, marking, as it did, the climax of the war. We have failed. For it only the gold of silence seemed fitting. It was too big, too deep, too all-consuming for puerile words. It glorified, it lifted the soul until it had intimate communion with the Infinite. And in the luxury of such silence we were content.

OVER THE TOP ONCE MORE

The next morning we were astir at 5 o'clock; for orders were to leave early for the front. Through Sergeant Hershner, Major Colbert passed along the word: "The war is not over. The 91st went over the top at 6 o'clock this morning. We must be ready to do our part."

Hospital equipment was again loaded on trucks and away we sped over the route followed by the French cavalry the day before. Arrived at Audenarde about 10 o'clock, we were halted in the street awaiting orders. At 11:00 o'clock Captain Koehn came down the line bearing word that the Armistice had been signed.

Many French soldiers were marching through the town, the news reflected in their faces. On every tongue was the legend: "Finis la Guerre."

PART III

THE BEAST STILLED

What means this ominous hush?
Each nervous filament of sensibility,
Tense and vibrant to the crash of battle,
Now senses the negative shock of passivity.
Scarce is it within the purview of the intellect
The transition suddenly to comprehend.
The mighty beast of war shortly stills his groanings,
Settles, and silently melts to composite dust away.

Stillness? Blissful Stillness!
We know Thee, whom Thou art—
Harbinger of peace and rest,
Of volumes known, yet unexpressed.
The Night of Frightfulness passes,
The Serpent hides his deformed head.
Millions of hearts their jubilates are beating to the skies
Emblazoned with light ineffable;
While a world of humanity,
In soul no longer suppressed,
Now breathes, untrammeled,
The vital breath of freedom
And the liberty ordained of God.

AUDENARDE

While the boys had braced with the stimulus of action and were, in a measure, steadied by it, they reacted to the change which was manifest in their movements and behavior. They were restless, apprehensive, nervous. With the darkened streets, each succeeding night brought a gloom and a hush that was more than stillness. It seemed a breathing, throbbing entity—a thing palpable, oppressive, pregnant with possibilities. As sleep forsages him who habitually sleeps within sound of the incessant hum of machinery, should that drone be abruptly stilled, so it was with the men of 364 immediately at the close of hostilities. The huge beast of war had lain down to groan, to rise no more.

What was the biggest thought in our minds as we crept

down between our blankets that night of November 11, 1918? Were we, in the first flush of victory, thinking of defeated Germany, with her megalomaniac Kaiser and his dashed ambitions? Were we thinking of ourselves? No. To the last man our minds were dwelling upon a certain spot—the dearest on earth—far across the chasm of ocean, which we were wont to call home. We wondered how the news was being received there. Closing our eyes, we could feel in fancy, like the concussion of the report of a great gun, the mighty tumult in the air produced by the concerted sign of relief that must have gone forth throughout all the land.

While walking about the streets waiting to be assigned to billets, we soon discovered that down the street a little way, around the corner, down a flight of steps, was a place where some Belgian women were serving bread, butter and coffee, and each man was encouraged to eat until he wanted no more. This was the first free meal (outside the company mess) that it was our fortune to enjoy since leaving the States.

Now attention is arrested by the sound of a bell. Not so much the tolling as the weird manner of it compels our interest. In solemn tones it peals forth, like the low notes of an organ, awful in their solemnity, seeming to echo a lament, a threnody for the departed. Catching the direction and casting the eye skyward, a group of our own men was seen through the aperture of the tower of this church, once an elaborate edifice, now a ruin. Many a shell fragment embedded in this tower became a souvenir. Soon these pilgrimages to the top of the tower were stopped and the bell silenced.

The quarters chosen for 364 was a large four-story building with an open court in the center, on both sides of which the ambulances lined up each night. This building had been used for school purposes, but later by the Germans as a hospital. We took possession of mattresses and, as usual, vied with one another for the best bed and the choicest location.

Upon our arrival at Audenarde, the basement of the Mayor's house was found to be filled with refugees, sick, gassed and wounded. Also the basement of the Sisters' Hospital was found in the same condition. These people,

several hundred in number, we evacuated to the floors above and some to their homes. A canvas was then made to see what was needed in the way of food, and ambulances were dispatched to division headquarters dump for potatoes, sugar, flour, bread and quarters of beef. The natives were overcome with gratitude and, with tear-dimmed eyes, could not understand how we managed to deliver these provisions so soon. This work was done at the instigation and under direction of Major Strohm.

The next object of charity that came to Major Strohm's notice was David Hazen, publicity man of the Portland Telegram, with the Sanitary Train. Meeting Dave one morning, the corners of his mouth turned down like a rainy new moon, with a grouch as big as a house, shivering in the chilly morning air, the Major took him down to the Division Headquarters dump and got him an overcoat. From that time on the corners of his mouth turned up, Dave had a smile for 364 and thought our mess the best in the A. E. F.

The company set up a hospital in the chapel, which was the same room the Germans used for their hospital. Over the archway at one end was the legend, "Hindenburg-Saal." Doubtless to many a wounded Boche lying in this spot the stern realities of the hellish work in which he and his tribe were engaged were brought home. See him as he writhes in pain seeming to seek the answer to his consuming questions in the blue sky. Presently in a moment's surcease his eye lights upon the legend, "Hindenburg-Saal." His eyes gleam. We pursue his train of thought further. Hindenburg! Hindenburg! That peerless leader, that superman, whose every command was an edict of God: That one in whom, with his Kaiser, the Boche had been schooled to repose faith unshakable. On that fateful morning that laid him low we see him gird on his belt. Dreamily he passes his hands over the words, "Gott mit uns." Fortified by this inspiration and abetted by the precepts of years, he sallies forth to give battle, firmly committed to the belief that the army, of which he is a part, is invincible and can know no defeat. Sharply he is brought to the present. What is the meaning of it all? Surely his Gott has forsaken him or he has been terribly deceived. He passes his hand across his eyes like one rousing from a trance, as the scales fall and the light of truth breaks through—America! America is the reason!

RUMORS

Attention was divided these restless days between trips to Ghent, laying plans for the future and the all-absorbing topic of "When do we go home?" Some planned to go back to school and complete their education; some would resume the business or profession they left. Each had his own dream of a future. However, the real business of the hour was collecting rumors. At least one new rumor was born each day. The man who picked up a real live one was, for the moment, the popular idol of the company. At this period, according to one rumor, we were doomed, with the division, for the army of occupation. The next was that we would surely be sent home in a few weeks. The first rumor that was considered authentic was gathered in by one of the company who was on duty that day in the hospital. While making up the chart of one of the patients, the latter said: "I hear you fellows are going home pretty soon." Whereupon he proceeded to give his authority and the origin of the rumor. The rumor that 364 might be chosen as part of the escort to re-establish King Albert upon the throne failed to materialize, though part of the division did perform that function. We remained behind to operate the hospital, for the sick we had always with us.

At the Y chocolates and cigars were to be had in quantities to make glad the heart of Len. Kaufman, and chewing gum enough to enable Jason Van Winkle, the chicle artist. to lay in a supply for many weeks. Several of the boys were seen to bargain with him for gum in exchange for cigars and cigarettes.

GHENT

When not on duty the boys stole away on trips to Ghent, returning with rosy accounts of their experiences. At this period no American soldiers were stationed in Ghent, so the advent of an American soldier in the streets of this city was heralded as an innovation—by the female population. The following happened: Two of our boys arrive and are walking through the streets. Two Poilus approach, each with a Belgian damsel on his arm. Seeing the Americans, the girls drop their companions' arms, crying "American Soldat!" and make haste to take the arms of the new arrivals, leaving the luckless Poilus to gape in cursing fury.

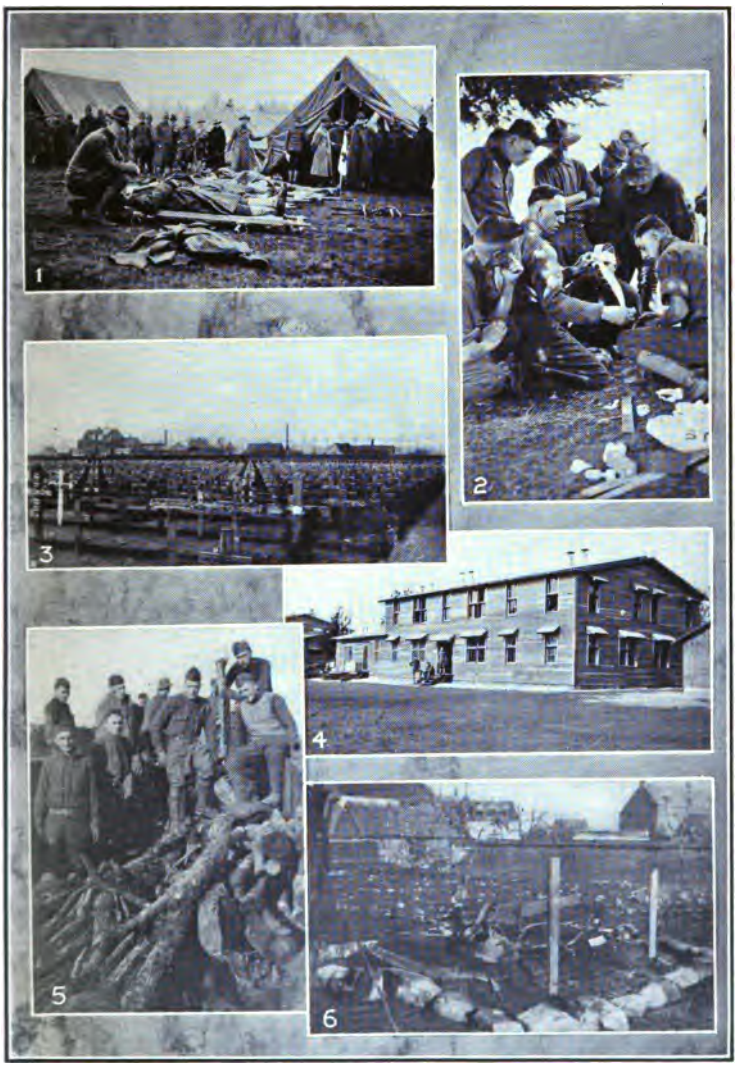
These Roses de Belgique, leaping to the role of entertainers, are found to be of decided social tendencies and the boys find themselves composing a personally conducted party. They drop in at a cinema. Here the fair ones improve the moment and by the time the reel is spent they are on rather friendly terms with their new acquaintances. But the luckless Poilus remain in shadow until the Americans leave.

SPECIAL DETAIL

In these days were born the "Canvas-backs" and "Powder Monkeys." "Big-hearted" Sam Cooke, the biggest and huskiest of the Canvas-backs, had a penchant for dissecting hand grenades in the presence of fearful spectators. Then after the candle was put out he would sprinkle powder on the stove. To anyone entering the room the display was as if an explosion was about to take place, whereupon he would turn around and beat a hasty retreat.

The boys who were assigned to the company Q. M. wore leather vests. Hence the name "Canvas-backs."

From across the river at officers' quarters in the Chateau, Lieutenant Vanderboget issued a call for cooks. There were nine officers, nine "dog robbers," two ambulance drivers and two cooks to be fed. Beach Crofton and Chas. Longpre were drawn as the two cooks. Reluctantly they went. After the officers and dog robbers had eaten, the provident cooks drew from the cupboard the choicest steaks, which they had held in reserve for themselves. To these private feeds came daily Top Sergeant Hershner, Sergeant Walters, Canvas-backs Sam Cooke and Bill Winters, who waxed fat and "fared sumptuously every day." Beach and Charles did not like their job and in order to secure release resorted to a bit of strategy. This they accomplished by serving the officers with unwashed hands, i. e., while the palms of their hands were washed clean, they did not wash the backs. In a few days they became so brown that the official stomach could stand it no longer. A Belgian woman, making a timely appearance, was duly installed as cook, and Beach and Charles were sent back to the company. Back they went chuckling at the success of their ruse.



1. Captain Collier giving instruction in care of wounded. 2. Instruction in bandaging. 3. German cemetery at Iseghem. 4. Our Camp Lewis barracks. 5. Wood detail at St. Nazairre. 6. An American grave in Belgium.

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DAD'S LETTER DAY

November 24th was designated as Dad's Letter Day. Every member of the company was urged by G. O. to write and get their letter in the mail during the day, so that there would be ample time to reach its destination by Christmas. Some of the boys who had not written dad for years took advantage of this opportunity to send a letter and cause the old man's eyes to stand out in surprise. Others having no father, wrote mother instead.

A BELGIAN WOMAN'S PLUCK

One thick, foggy evening, just at dusk, attendants in the surgery were startled by the sound of suppressed weeping as the door swung open to admit two men carrying a young woman. When they had deposited her upon the operating table, it was found that she had sustained a very ugly and painful injury of one foot. In attempting to cross the street in the darkness and confusion she had been run down by a truck, the entire upper part of the foot being cleaned to the bone. But for the stout sabot with which her foot was shod, the wound should have been much worse. At first she was apprehensive that the surgeon was going to amputate the foot; but she was assured by the Poilu who assisted in carrying her in that she was in the hands of friends and that not only the injured member would be spared but that skilled surgery was about to be used and that in due time she would be able to come and go as usual.

Never shall those who stood by forget the mute questioning appeal that looked out of those blue, tear-dimmed eyes. As one who held her hand—for no anesthetic was given—stood there wishing mightily she would quit trembling so violently and dry the tears, gradually a look of wonder, of supreme confidence came into her eyes, she became composed and the trembling did, indeed, cease. "Poor little devil," said Major Jones, as he finished drawing together the edges of skin and commenced bandaging.

So, here and there throughout this country, wherever 364 went were left in their wake, as never-failing evidences of their altruism and general helpfulness, deeds like this that shall live in the hearts of these people, being ever like unto pleasant dreams in the halls of their memory.

The 364th F. H.

ISEGHEM

The morning of November 27th found the company on its way in ambulances to Iseghem. Billets here were an old broom factory, admirably situated for the convenience of the thirsty. Almost directly beneath and across a narrow passage-way was a combination bar and billiard room, with an attractive barmaid to add to the lure of the place. Here games and conviviality reigned from early evening until nine o'clock, when the police always closed it, for it was an orderly place. The evenings began quietly enough, but with gradually increasing zest and numbers until finally the room, with its smoke blue air, boisterous exclamations and rapidly changing francs, presented an appearance not far remote from a Wall Street broker's office. The joy-producing liquid was so convenient and so easily obtainable that it was rumored that even "Judge" Hartley fell from grace while at Iseghem.

Quartered immediately adjoining were the owner and his winsome daughter; but it was reserved for but few to gain admission to this dwelling, pure and lowly, where lived the dainty dispenseress of refreshments. Though McLean was seen one day with some delicacies from the kitchen, dear to the female heart, being graciously received at the door of her apartments, no fatality resulted from the episode.

The activities of the company were a series of hikes, ball playing, drill and K. P. Thanksgiving dinner was a sumptuous preparation. The menu extended from brussels sprouts to chocolate pudding, with all the trimmings in between.

December 3rd, by way of novelty, and to show Sergeants Hershner, Walters, Carroll and Munley what work was, they were put on K. P. for the day. They succeeded in putting up a good meal. Furthermore, they said that they enjoyed it.

One afternoon 364, with the other companies, was reviewed by a French Major, who spoke briefly, complimenting us on our service record, referring to us as "gallant soldiers" and the best of our kind in the A. E. F. The next day Major Berry, then Commander of the Sanitary Train, reviewed and read a communication from Major Strohm, Division Surgeon, complimenting the company on the showing made at the review the day before.

SOUVENIRS

From the signing of the Armistice, the search for and traffic in souvenirs became the ruling passion. If a variety of souvenirs was wanted and at a reasonable price, this general scheme was adopted by the wise: Set out in any direction—no matter which—and hail the first boy that comes along. Offer him a few francs for a Boche helmet, "Gott Mit Uns" belt, or other trinket, then stay in the vicinity and await developments. In a few minutes the original boy returns with a half dozen more of his kind, bearing in their hands belts, helmets, knives, buttons or any other article once the property of a German, and for which they hope to find a sale. These urchins have been known to rifle the graves of German dead for souvenirs, which never failed to find a ready market. During the latter days at Iseghem, Tusler and Kinsey did a prosperous business selling helmets wrapped ready for mailing.

THE AIRDOME

Sunday afternoon, December 1st, being bright, there was a general exodus to the airdome, situated three miles out of town. For five francs the boys were taken up; but as the demand reached the point of establishing a waiting list, the French officer in charge of the field discovered the practice and stopped it. However, this being our first opportunity to view many large planes at close range, the opportunity was not unimproved. The picture of those long lines of huge birds as they rested there, or as one sallied forth to ascend, or another settled down and came home to rest, was like a work of art.

THE CINEMA

The evening of December 6th the company went, as guests of the French, to the cinema. Gathered before the door half an hour before it opened, every man waited tensely, apprehensively, though with every evidence of good will toward our gray-clad allies to the right. When at last the door opened the mass of O. D. and gray came together and blended as one, the writhing vortex forming at the door. The center of that crush was a place for only a perfectly sound, healthy man; but one or two who had

yielded to the seductive ministrations of the barmaid soon found themselves in the rear, with memories of having felt better.

The bill was one to compare favorably with our own motion picture shows, with a respectable orchestra in addition and a solo, the "Madelon," sung by a Poilu, the audi- joining in the chorus.

SEARCHING IN THE ARGONNE FOREST

To "Judge" Hartley fell the distinction of being selected from the company to assist in the work of checking up the mortality record of the division. This history is the richer for the part he had in it, and we are indebted to the Judge for the following story. The Judge is a close friend of Chaplain Rexroad's.

"Early in America's part of the war emphasis was placed upon keeping close, and as nearly as possible, accurate records of the personnel of the army. This was no small task where thousands of men were engaged in a death encounter under such circumstances surrounding as the Argonne forests. Nevertheless, each division tried to keep a record of every man, and while in action the division burial officer kept records of all men buried on the field. This was not always an easy task, nor a pleasant one, for while each man was supposed to have his "dog tax" on his person, in various ways it might have been lost. Also, just the proper noting and recording the name and serial number from the tag and proper description of place of burial was not always possible under shell fire, to which many times those performing this solemn duty were exposed.

"After the signing of the Armistice, the Division Officials began to study the accuracy of their records as to those 'missing in action,' 'unaccounted for,' 'killed in action,' etc., tion," etc., and found at that time that there were some one hundred and fifty men whose exact whereabouts were not definitely known to Division Headquarters, and the anxious inquiry of relatives and friends was causing much official concern.

"About December 2, 1918, an official order was issued ordering Chaplain Rexroad and Burial Officer Chaplain Smith, of the 362d Infantry, and myself to accompany them by automobile to Very, France, and any other places neces-

sary to search for and locate any unknown buried or unburied dead American soldiers of the 91st Division.

"At that time the Division was located in Belgium, about 40 kilos S. W. of the city of Ghent. A French army truck of both speed and capacity was provided and after being well provisioned with necessary supplies we set out for the Argonne battlefield via Ghent, Brussels, Waterloo and Sedan, touching the field on the North and going South until we came to the area of the 91st Division on the North, near what remained of the village of Gesnes. Here we camped 'in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

"The contrast between the first and second experiences in this country cannot be measured. The shrieking and bursting shells, roaring and rattling guns, groans of agony of the wounded, yells and curses of traffic during the first days of this inferno, as against the deathlike silence of these hills, vales and jungles on our second visit, made one question his mortal existence. True, we had the destruction on every hand, the remains of war paraphernalia scattered in every direction and everywhere; dead bodies—both man and animal (some partially buried) lying where they fell; mud and cooties 'an' everything.' The deathlike quietude sent its uncanny feeling creeping up one's spine. The crows were the only feathered creatures noticed in the country, and they, lighting and spying a coat, gun or other article of war, would squawk and fly on.

"A week was spent thoroughly searching every bit of the area traversed by men of the 91st Division during the hellfire drive from September 26th to October 10, 1918. We found graves of men of the 361 Infantry, 6 kilos north of the original objective of the Division. This was on account of one brigade being placed in line and advanced after the objective was reached and before the relieving division got in place. The mute evidences of the death grapples with machine gun nests in hundreds of places will need no explanation of Yankee courage in the years to come.

"All graves were noted and names and numbers taken. These were compared with our list of missing, and checked up. Whenever a grave was found with no identification and nothing to identify was found upon the body, all articles used or worn by American soldiers found in the vicinity upon which there were any names or numbers were noted

and upon our return to the Division a careful check was made and in two or three instances the bodies were identified in that manner.

"In one place near the village of Very we located two majors, one lieutenant and one chaplain, whose graves were marked 'unidentified.' The reason for this particular happening was that while the chaplain was engaged in the burial of these bodies there was a heavy shell fire from the enemy in that place, and the officer, leaving the burial squad, went up the road some fifty yards to warn others not to come that way and before he got back to the grave, was blown to fragments. The squad hurriedly covered the bodies and also that of the chaplain who had them in charge shortly before. There being no time to gather records at the time and the chaplain having the records on his person, everything was hurriedly covered up. Similar circumstances account for many lost records.

"We left the Argonne after ten days' search, feeling we had done a service to the relatives in locating a number of those who had paid the supreme price.

"With the possible exception of positive identification of perhaps one or two, the latest reports show a complete record of all men of the 91st Division. Such a record during the World War was the exception rather than the rule."

PROVEN (Dec. 8-27)

Sunday afternoon, December 8th, we sped in ambulances through Poperinghe, through Roulers and Oostnieukerke, where we had operated hospitals in late October, back through No Man's Land, past ruined Ypres to Proven. Many changes were beginning to take place in this No Man's Land we had crossed less than two months before. The road then well nigh impassable, had been leveled and improved so that travel in ambulances was made fairly rapid; yet not all the landmarks had been removed. At a tank a halt was made and on examination the skeleton of a man was found inside. Here some of the boys had their pictures taken. As we paused a moment and looked through the crisp air of the winter afternoon toward the sun descending low, a few brief thoughts in retrospect crowded into the mind. We thought of that dismal, rainy day we moved forward over this same route, going into what we knew not. We were

caught in the grip of environment and held obsessibly in its spell; for it was a land of havoc, desolation, ruin, shell holes and bashed-in dugouts: a land where the feeling grew that should one long remain and breathe that air of blight, he should be smitten, and the wanderer should some day come upon his bones in this wilderness. But today nature smiled over the waste, the transformation being the handiwork of the great Alchemist; and we were bidding farewell to these scenes, moving Westward toward home.

A FLOTSAM OF MUD

Arrived at Proven at sundown, the company took quarters in English bow-huts—"twenty men in a tin can," surrounded by deep mud, a trench three feet deep full of green water, and infested with rats. Upon arrival we were told that our stay would be about two or three days; but the days lengthened into weeks, the outlook becoming gloomier each day. Every man was on the alert for rumors, some of which pointed to the army of occupation. The days grew short and even shorter, the weather turned cold, and in that flotsam of mud the K. P. was the only man who worked and nobody envied.

Reveille at this season of the year, under such circumstances, was an institution calculated to shorten one's days and certainly it was a prolific source of profanity. Great was the joy when the bugler overslept.

To find in the morning that, during the night, a chummy rat had sallied forth from his quarters under the floor, had broken through the barricade that the boys erected each night around their haversacks to keep them out, and had cut the strings of a shoe or the thongs of a haversack and had helped himself to hard tack or—worse yet—cookies, was an ordinary occurrence that merely drove home the truth that we were indeed living close to nature.

During these dark days at Proven—and darker nights—candles became scarce and, for the same reason and because of the demand, higher in price, though in reality shorter. So short they grew that a full grown candle at the store was only six inches long and sold for a franc and a half. We Americans, as profiteers, have nothing on the Belgians.

Inspections were pulled with the usual frequency. Major Berry inspected December 14th, after floors had been duly

dunged out and bunks arranged. The following Monday we stood two inspections, one by the 91st Division Inspector, the other by General Johnson, Commander of the Division, and they both called it good. Major Berry did not.

Interesting side trips were made during this period, to Dunkirk by the sea, Bruges, Brussels and Ostend. Every man in the company visited at least one of these places. As a man's uniform was his pass, he could board any train and go wherever he pleased, provided he had a pass. If not, A. W. O. L., free of charge. The memorable Passchendaele Ridge was on the railway leading out of Proven and therefore easily accessible. The boys who visited this spot where the German advance in the spring of this year was stopped by the stubborn resistance of the French, saw many dead French soldiers still lying where they fell.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Our Christmas dinner, December 24th, was a feed fit for a king, in the preparation of which, Cook Le Grandeur clearly outdid himself. The eighteen turkeys came out of the oven in a condition to melt in the mouth. Gravy with mashed potatoes, dressing, cabbage, cake with chocolate pudding, and cocoa. The K. P.s hit each man hard so that he went away with mess kit piled high and had no capacity to come back for seconds. The day was cold and snow was in the air as the line filed by; but neither K. P. nor mess line felt nor regarded the weather. What cared we how the snow came down or how deep the mud? What cared we how the wind blew smoke into our eyes? What cared we for privations endured or yet to be endured? It was a day of revelry and we were going home! Assurance had just reached us that, though the date was yet undetermined, the 91st was to be sent home. From being suspended between heaven and earth since November 11th, at times buoyed up with the hope, strengthened by the rumor that we were going home; then precipitated to a bottomless pit of hopelessness by the rumor that the assignment of our doom was the army of occupation, the latest official information was of an order to quiet the soul and cheer the troubled breast. Our position during this period had been like unto that of a man tried for murder. The evidence is in, the jury has received its charge and the prisoner awaits the verdict. Imagine this

Lieut. Besson
Ed. Munly

Captain Brooks
Fred R. Stipe

Geo. H. Jehlinger
Isaac E. Garrard

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for a moment and the measure of our relief can be realized when the verdict "not guilty" was brought in.

Major Strohm stood in the door of a bow hut, a cigar between his teeth and a curious smile on his face as he watched the process. With him were Majors Colbert and Mount, all guests at our board on this festal occasion. Out of Major Strohm's presence at this dinner issued our trip to Paris, thereby incurring the undying enmity of Major Berry, who coveted it for the ambulance section.

A TREK ACROSS COUNTRY—AMIENS

There were five motor trucks in our convoy, in which were our equipment and as many of the company as could find riding accommodations. The remainder, except those left at Ostend, were transported in ambulances. We covered ninety-five miles the first day, arriving at Amiens at ten o'clock at night. The ambulance containing Lieutenant Brooke and others of the company was sent ahead to make provision for our accommodations, but through some error we failed to connect, and each man was thrown upon his own resources for the night. After standing around a fire made of oil poured in the street, until midnight, and nobody appeared, we started out to find a place to sleep. A few of the boys unrolled their blankets and slept in the trucks or spread them down in houses that had been partially demolished by shells. The streets were still dark and we were not familiar with the town. Occasionally as we straggled along we encountered a Frenchman, who, upon being interrogated, waved his arms after the manner of his kind and pointed vaguely. At that hour most of the people had retired and the houses were closed, the shutters drawn close. Here and there through the streets we stumbled, looking for a lighted window or hotel, breathing forth mutterings that made the home folks worry for a week. It seemed to us that that town of a hundred thousand was more like a cemetery than any place of human habitation that night. Finally in groups of two or three, or singly, we found places where the madame had room and bed. And we laid the body down.

Two of the boys came to a house where the light showed through the shutters and knocked upon the door. While trying to make their wants known to the woman who responded, a female voice overhead called in very good English,

"sleep?" Music? There never was sweeter. "Oui, oui, Americans sleep," was the hasty and fervent reply. Whereupon, she promptly closed the window and prepared to receive the Americans. They stood by while Madame, who knew what service is, made the bed, turning the feather mattress over, working it until it lay a mass of softness, a thing of joy as the two tired wayfarers contemplated it and thought of the beds their mothers used to make for them in years gone by. A curious, throaty feeling made them silent. Clean sheets were put on and after the bed covers, the inevitable eiderdown counter tick, which graces all French beds. "Beaucoup sleep," said Madame, bidding them goodnight.

Oh ye civilian bed! It was the first real, honest to God bed those two had slept in since leaving the U. S. A., and seven francs for the two was cheap. "Beaucoup sleep" was putting it mildly. The rest extracted from that bed that night was an experience for tired bodies—bodies that had grown accustomed to the deprivation of this luxury. They lay there awhile and thought of the bunks they had had at all the various places where the company had been, and as they reflected upon these things they became as naught under the luring spell of comfort that enveloped them.

At 7:00 o'clock the next morning they were up and ready for breakfast. But Madame sorrowfully and with a degree of sympathy in her voice made known her inability to serve it. Down town at the restaurants the boys were breakfasting on ham and eggs, French fries and coffee. Though there was a law then in force in this town that no soldiers should be fed before 9:00 A. M., by waiting until the officer had passed, we entered by way of the front door and were fed quietly and a little obscurely in the rear of the building. The proprietor was safe unless the officer became suspicious and inspected the place.

BEAUVAIS

By 8:30 we had started the wheels going again. The weather was not so cold as the day before; nor did it rain. This was better for seeing the country. As we passed through the villages and hamlets the boys dropped out to buy bread and cheese which was munched at will.

The farmers of France seem to plow all through the

winter. It was no uncommon sight to see, here and there, a Boche prisoner with his visorless cap with its red band, doggedly following the plow, glad to be out of the war, although heartily wishing himself at home. The Dutch windmills slowly flapping their lazy wings made one think of another country, though they are not confined to Holland.

These roads, marked from afar by the inevitable vista of trees, as they wind their devious ways through this gently undulating land, are the finest on the globe. The French people take a certain pride in them and in their maintenance. They correspond with our macadamized streets, except they are harder, more compact, approaching in hardness our paved roads. These were originally made hundreds of years ago, of a whitish rock which, when broken into fine pieces and spread upon the road, easily disintegrates further under traffic and becomes a part of the original road, forming a surface at once durable and inexpensive. And they are kept up. Whenever a depression begins to appear, it is promptly covered with this fine rock. One does not see a neglected road in France. An old man—during the war always an old man—sitting by the roadside with a hammer "making little ones out of big ones," was a common sight.

At sundown the truck section arrived and parked. Hardly had they done so when the ambulance contingent drove up. Then explanations were in order for the failure to connect the night before—explanations that lead nowhere, decided nothing.

An emergency kitchen was set up for the benefit of those whose funds were running low, but only a few took advantage of it, which made K. P. light for the unlucky. Those out of funds borrowed from the more frugal and practically everybody dined in state at the hotels and slept in beds. Sergeant Carroll left his best souvenirs, a German officer's helmet and a German Luger, in his room when he stepped out for a few minutes. Upon his return they were gone. Sergeant Madison had a way that was absolutely proof against sneak thieves. He kept his French binoculars, for which he paid a handsome price, tightly buttoned inside his blouse, and "everywhere that Maddie went the glass was sure to go."

A few who undertook to go to the cinema after 9:00 o'clock were confronted with closed doors and the informa-

tion that the seats were all sold and admission, under any circumstances, was impossible.

The shops and shop windows presented a Parisian appearance. The jewelry store windows were much as they are in our own country. A large department store, except for the language and Frenchy look of the shop-girls, was not much different from our own.

TROOPER BILL PULLS A STUNT

It was at Beauvais that "Trooper" or "Roaring Bill" Stipe distinguished himself. Continuing in his role as promoter, he posted himself at the door of a public house, posing as an M. P. Having first spoken confidentially to the lady at the bar, representing that the boys who had come in were strictly honest and would surely pay for their drinks, but just then, while not altogether out of money, did not have very much. However, they expected to get paid in two or three days, he was looking for beaucoup soldiers in a day or two, then there would be lots of business, plenty of money, as the boys were all good spenders, etc. In this way did Trooper continue in his insinuating, seductive fashion until Madame was persuaded and the wine flowed freely, while Trooper turned on his heel, wiped away a smile and indulged in a roguish wink at the boys. Until the small hours of the morning they carried on. And to this day the Trooper regards this the leading episode of his overseas experience.

PARIS

Late in the afternoon of the next day, December 29th, we arrived at St. Denis, on the outskirts of Paris, unloaded our equipment and took quarters at Base Hospital 41 which occupied a building formerly occupied as a hospital by the natives, who were eager to reoccupy it.

Next morning we did not lie abed, for there were passes issued to all who wanted to go to Paris, a thirty-minute ride by trolley. Conductorettes there were in charge of these cars who did not flirt—at close range, but when the Americans left the cars at the Place de Concorde or other point, and looked inquiringly over their shoulders, she called "You kissa me?" laughingly throwing one with both hands. In this, needless to say, she was not disappointed.

The time in Paris was spent in seeing points of interest

and enjoying some novel experiences. For many of the company the Battle of Paris was the fiercest battle of the war. More glorious victory on any field of battle was never won, than on the field where rolls the Seine; never was laurel more dearly gained; never was crown of monarch more richly merited, nor with more kingly grace worn, than was that invisible, though blood-bought diadem which graced the immaculate brow of the unscathed.

Though the happy spirit of wholesome fellowship that existed between the American soldiers and the native girls, not only of Paris but throughout France, made the girls in America burn with envy, mortify with jealousy, and tear the hair in the fury of impotent rage in the seclusion of their private chambers; and though Mademoiselle was friendly (too friendly?) without formality of introduction, it was only to show hospitality to "the stranger within her gates"—hospitality prompted by a heaven-placed yearning and compassion for the boys, so far away from home, who had gone through hell for them; a hospitality our own sweet things would have shown in like circumstances. God bless the gurgling, cooing French girls.

CHATEAU DE GLAYE (Dec. 31st-Jan. 29th)

December 31st, three trucks with about two-thirds of the company, left Paris and proceeded on the last leg of the cross-country trip. About ten o'clock that night one of the trucks, when running up the gentle slope toward Chateau de Glaye, ran into the ditch. The truck behind picked up the marooned and in a few minutes arrived at the place where we were destined to remain until January 29th. A fragment of the company had arrived in the speedier ambulances earlier in the day and had set up the beginning of our hospital. We found quarters in the rooms on the third floor of the chateau and got to bed about the time the old year died.

This Chateau de Glaye was an imposing, ell-shaped structure, four stories high, about four hundred feet long and famed principally for its many rooms. Once the property of a French count, it had the appearance, judging from its construction, of having been used at one time as a road-house. Like many other chateaus erected in feudal times, a huge mote was constructed in the front and about two hundred

feet distant from it. A stone wall extended around the building and into the aperture in front an iron gate was fitted. Situated within easy distance of many surrounding villages, fancy pictures that, before the war, many a convivial party was staged here; wine and women being necessary to the schedule.

New Year's Day was celebrated in cleaning the rooms, furnishing beds and completing arrangements for the care of the sick of the Division. In addition to the influenza and other patients, it soon became necessary to open up an isolation ward in the chapel for mumps patients that, for a time, filled it to overflowing.

Thus the old routine of detail, K. P. and nurse commenced anew, and now that we had settled again there was a renewal of much wonderment as to the length of time until our next move and in what direction it would be. But because each move thus far had been in a westerly direction, there was general satisfaction and in every breast there was hope.

January 5th the stragglers from Paris and Ostend came in, having made the trip by rail. Then there were tales of how Vissman and others in the party stole cheese from box cars en route to keep from starving. Apprehension was strong among them that some penalty in the way of extra detail would be imposed; but on the contrary, things were strangely quiet, not a word was said and things moved on as usual.

January 7th Major Colbert was relieved of command of the company and placed in command of field hospitals, and Major Jones took the company.

A detail of men was assigned daily to mop out the wards, stairways and corridors of the hospital. Jason Van Winkle had the supervision of this detail until one day when one of the men was caught carrying water in a fire bucket. Jase was severely reprimanded for this by Major Jones, who was a strict disciplinarian, relieved of his command and given three days K. P. and a chance to meditate on his sins.

K. P.

K. P. detail here was not bad. Our kitchen was located near the end of the building, with a window punched out through which the stove pipe protruded. The wind was favorable almost one-fourth of the time. Most of the work consisted of pumping and carrying the water. The pump was located on the far side of the building with a two-inch pipe leading through the wall out of which the water jutted—if the operator had breath to continue. Sometimes he would work until out of breath, only to find that no water had come through. The pump, though a wheezy affair, was the best exerciser in the A. E. F. It was fitted with a wheel, high up and flush with the wall, which, when in motion, made a noise like grinding a scythe. The knowledge that part of his power was given to the wall made the operator tire the sooner. This pump was operated by the following formula: Grasping the wooden bar about chest high, the operator danced up and down until a fellow K. P. pounded on the wall inside with a ball bat. This was the signal, dimly heard, that the barrel was full. Then he would cease pumping and the two carried the barrel to the stove. Amazing it was how many times a day this barrel required filling.

THE DELOUSER

Ode to the Cootie

Our garments acquire the habit of moving about over our anatomy, making it impossible to extract any solace from shut-eye. We remove our shirt. We read it. We find it to be overpopulated. Our eye focuses upon an object, oblong, pellucid, diminutive—though of the species not diminutive. We watch it strain slowly forward as if under pressure, inclining slightly to either side. We see it poise a moment tremulously, then straighten out, only to repeat. We watch it till in savage glee we pounce upon and take it between our thumbs. "Click" says the casualty and the torso contents fills our eye. (We've killed a million.) And the cootie silently folds his silken pinions across his lousy breast and gives up the ghost.

The middle of the month a ward tent was erected in which, through the inventive genius of Bill Winters and Chas.

Longpre, delousing engineers, a delousing plant was installed. Simultaneously a tripod arrangement was set up for heating bath water in front of a tent (officers' size), in which the showers were improvised. Then three at a time, right down the roster, the men were drawn and their clothing and blankets put through the delouser while they took their bath. Griswold—"Dirty Gris"—was duly deloused and bathed. And the next day he had cooties. Gris was the one man of the company who seemed to have a kind of capillary attraction for the vermin. They would pass up every other man in the company and settle on Gris. Finally, before we left for the port of embarkation, he was sent to another delouser where, he said, they nearly killed him.

CETON FARM (Jan. 29th-March 23rd)

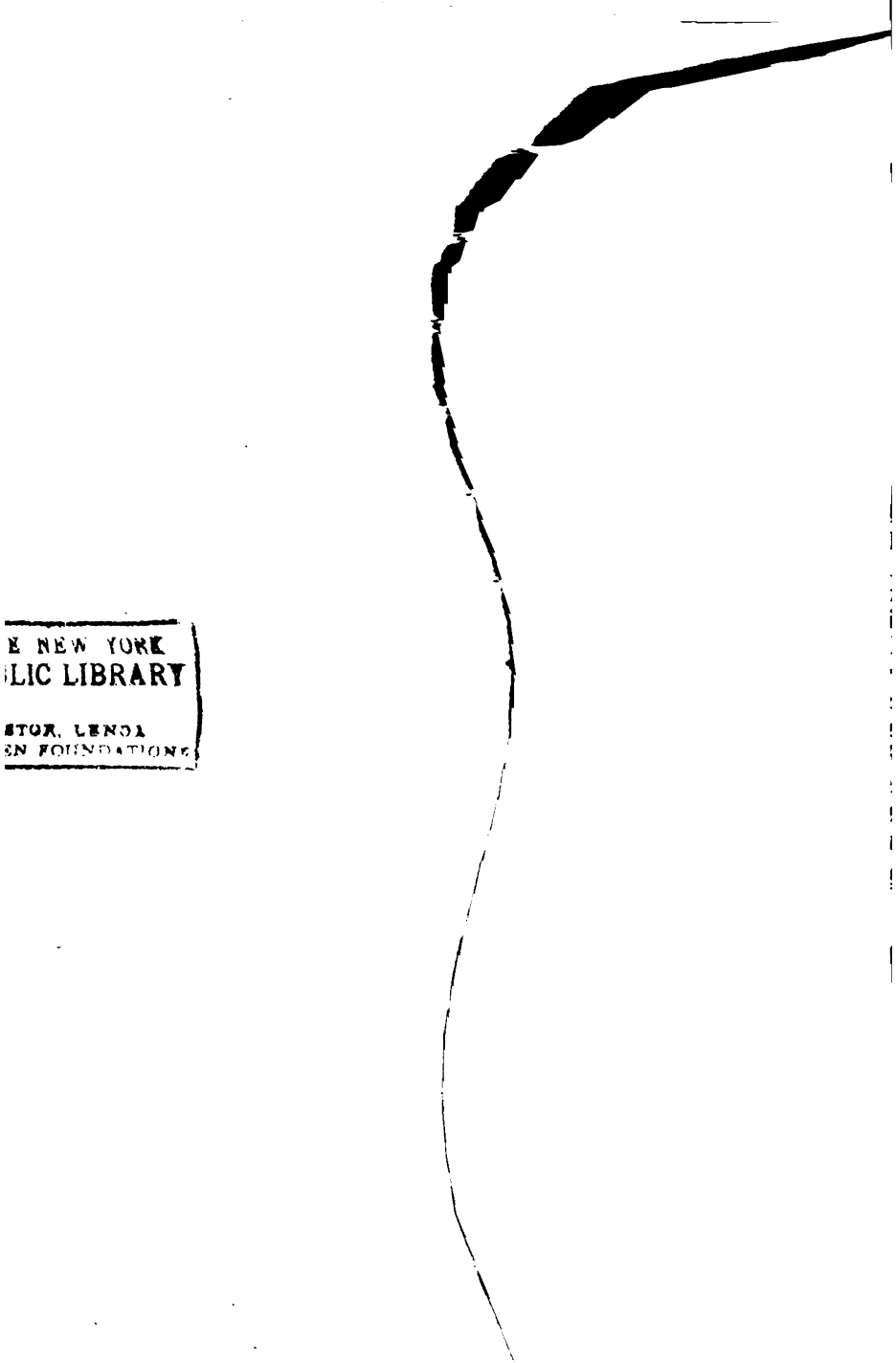
The last week of our sojourn at Chateau de Glaye, Mobile Evacuation Hospital 7 appeared and prepared to take the hospital off our hands. The morning of January 29th we loaded packs into trucks, walked through Ceton, then did a column right and continued for a mile and a quarter (two kilometers), halting at a farm which we called Ceton Farm. Half of the company billeted in barns adjoining the Frenchman's house; but it soon became necessary to erect an English ward tent to accommodate part of this section called the "First Army." The "Second Army," or the other half of the company, took billets in a barn about three hundred yards up the road at another farmhouse.

The kitchen was located with the "First Army," but mess-call could be distinctly heard by the "Second Army," although some trouble was experienced in hearing Reveille. Sergeant Carroll, who was quartered in the house contiguous to the Second Army billets, was obligated with the responsibility of getting the men up.

CLEANING UP

February 1st was memoralized as the day we all got the homing spirit. At the conclusion of an inspection by Major Colbert, we were told to clean up; that we could not go home until we did clean up. The Major said we were dirty; therefore we must be dirty. Though as members of the sanitary train, the boys thought they hardly deserved the compli-

1. English Huts at Proven. 2. Awarded for the Battle of Champagne 3. Chateau de Glaye. 4. Barracks kitchen. 5. Our end of the A. E. F. 364th F. H. Co. boarding the "Virginian." 6. At Is-Sur-Tille.



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ment. After the inspection the slogan, "If you don't clean up, you can't go home," came into being.

As man acts best when under stimulus to move for an advantage for himself; so confidence was expressed in our "homing spirit"—imbued with which, to a high degree, each man was known to be—to operate as a mighty activator in bringing about the change in our personal appearance which should be most salutary, which should be instrumental in leading us home.

From that day forth fear, fear of being pulled out of line and sent to the army of occupation; fear of being left behind while the rest of the company went joyfully home, became the weighty bludgeon poised over our heads at all times, the psychological pressure of which was like a weight of sin, bearing us down. Is it any wonder our heads drooped? This feeling, emanating from within, developed an outward, nebulous creation that walked with us by day, that slept with us by night—a double, invisible to others, but visible and exceedingly real to the one with whom, like one obsessed, it moved and throbbed and breathed. Thus we had a two-fold incentive for cleaning up: desire and fear.

On Monday, February 3rd, at 9 o'clock the First Army, commanded by Sergeant ("Colonel") Bronaugh and accompanied by Sergeant Jehlinger, marched to the quarters of the Second Army, where the entire comuany was lined up and put through a facing drill. Then we stood at attention for some minutes while "Colonel" Bronaugh inspected to see if we looked fit to go home. We had not practiced standing at attention for so long that many were found to be out of form. Some did not know when they were standing straight; some were unable to line up properly. As a result of the heavy shelling they had been through, some held their heads too low. Others had other defects; but they were all remedied temporarily by the commands of "Colonel" Bronaugh, who then surrendered command to Sergeant Jehlinger, who made a few remarks on the "homing spirit."

The company then enjoyed a few minutes platoon drill in the snow. Corporal Taylor, commanding the second platoon, had forgotten which was his left hand since the shelling in the Argonne and disorganized the drill rather badly. But this offense was easily remitted and after a few turns we were halted. While at rest the "Colonel" continued the subject

of cleaning up, then we were marched back to quarters to open war on an army of spots.

Scrub brushes became a necessity. These were wielded with a lavish hand and with the aid of soap and water, spots disappeared like snow before a chinook rain. We were told not to scrub haversacks and medical belts. They should be brushed only, and all surface encrusted dirt removed.

INSPECTIONS

There were inspections and inspections. Inspections stated and special. To keep the face policed at all times became a necessity, for we were told (wielding that bludgeon of fear), that the inspecting officer was likely to drop in upon us any moment like a thief in the night and woe unto us should we be unprepared; for upon his verdict depended our fate.

TOOTHLESS JANE

There was, at the Second Army quarters, a dame known as "Toothless Jane" or the "Toothless Wonder." Females were not very common in those days and, to us, she seemed good enough to look at. But when she opened her face to smile, as invariably she did, a toothless upper jaw was revealed, which was not pleasing to contemplate. She was a person of some thirty summers, wore wooden shoes and could turn out as much work as two ordinary men. On good terms with everybody, she wore the permanent smile which won her her title.

BATHS

Beginning February 6th, the company was marched to Ceton for a bath. Showers were improvised in a ward tent, the water being heated by an arrangement similar to that at Chateau de Glaye. This bath was operated by Company 363 Field Hospital, and 364 had a bath every Thursday afternoon. But not every time did the men use their bath privileges. At one time, of the number that went, only about half took a bath, due to the fact that no officer was present. The men were admitted eight at a time, and a number when they were drawn went through the tent without stopping, came out at the other end and kept going. The lure of vin rouge for the inner man was stronger than the appeal of "de low" for the outer man. The latter was "par bon" anyway.

Baths at Ceton

To us today, accustomed to all modern conveniences, under the most sanitary conditions, the bath would be considered anything but a sanitary arrangement. It was located on an elevation that fell away sharply to the draw below, through which ran the stream from which the water was pumped into the reservoir where it was heated—a stream which, in this country, might have been a purling brook, but in France a vehicle for sewage. Near the end of the pipe which carried the warm (seldom hot) water from the reservoir, perforations were made. Underneath these perforations a wooden rack was placed, upon which the men stood to receive their ablutions. We were able to get a fairly decent bath after once getting on the rack; but there were mud spots, partially spanned with boards, that had to be traversed in order to reach our clothing, piled on litters placed around the sides of the tent. To offset this the boys placed their shoes within reach while under the shower, then slipped them on again while the water ran freely down into their shoes before they could reach their clothing. But any kind of a bath in France was a luxury and this one filled a crying need. We had been deloused; nobody but Gris had cooties. It was our purpose to keep clean.

Immediately across the stream of water was the public wash-house to which, at all hours of the day, the women of the town came to wash clothes. The presence of so many Americans made the laundry industry profitable. Certain it is that the several towns and villages where the Americans remained for a fortnight or more, found themselves, upon sitting down to figure profits, many francs richer than before the advent of the American soldier.

Not always were these women who came down to do washing old and wrinkled. Occasionally there was one young, bucksome, approachable, comely withal, about whom always clustered the usual coterie of admirers, each bidding for favor and vieing with one another for supremacy. The lovely fair, who had committed no sin, had done no wrong save that of being pretty, became at once the envy of the old and wrinkled. For nature has edicted that the Pulchritude shall not be left alone to toil, to pine; but she of no charm must travel another way, for man's weakness is for the beautiful in women. So has it been since Adam's day. So must it ever be.

From being a detail to be avoided, K. P. grew in favor. Glasscock, Muhr, Pellinger and Duncan—the Gold Dust twins by their own request were on permanent K. P. for two weeks. The kitchen being located next door to the house, frequent calls were made for eggs (des oeufs), which the Madame sold at a reduction to the K. P.s. While a K. P. could buy a half dozen for a franc, others were charged a franc and a half, or two francs. The K. P. did his own cooking and lived on the fat of the land while the rest of the company endured army slum. To ease the monotony of the company mess, frequent hikes to the towns of Theligny, St. Bomert, La Etalouse and Ceton were made, where eggs and potatoes were fried over the open fire like our mothers used to do. It was always necessary to "proposition" our own eggs for they were not to be had in the open market. They were bought at farmhouses by the way. But there was, of course, usually a stock of wine on hand. Sometimes the homeward road moved out of normal alignment, but port was always made without serious mishap. Appetites were developed to a marked extent and to appease these—for some were always hungry—drinking oxtail soup made in the can, was practiced extensively. For this purpose raids on the kitchen were made—by the clever in day time, by the less clever at night—the goods being concealed and carried away in the clothing. The stock of soup and cocoa became so depleted that the K. P. force was instructed to be on the alert for the "Frenchmen," upon whom suspicion rested for the pilfering.

One night three raiders, while in the act, heard the smack, smack of footsteps approaching in the mud. Hastily concealing themselves in a nearby tool house and softly closing the door, they were none too soon. The irate K. P.s passed within a few feet, muttering and breathing threats. After they had safely passed, the skulkers crept out and made their escape. They were pursued, but not caught. And their identity remains unknown to this day.

Sunday, February 9th, was celebrated by a compulsory hike to Ceton where the company met with the rest of the Sanitary Train to do honor to the late Theodore Roosevelt. The eulogy, delivered in the open air by a professor from the University of California, lasted but five minutes, and in our souls we blessed him for his consideration and judgment; for that crisp frosty morning the boys wanted to be moving.

COOTIE INSPECTION

The next day there was a general cootie inspection at the Y. Orders were to strip to the waist, then line up and start through. One officer's duty was to see that each man carried his clothes in his right hand. If any were careless in the matter, this officer took delight in correcting the error. When the inspecting officer, a hard-boiled Major, was reached, a private relieved the one to be inspected of his clothing while another pulled his undershirt up over his head, the inspectee holding his hands high, as in the case of a hold up; then he was slowly revolved. When the circuit was completed he was given a push, his clothes thrust into his hands and he was passed and out before he could see.

THE "Y"

The Y auditorium was a cheerful place. The floor was of dirt. It was damp and smelly, but the platform was of wood, elevated and equipped with a piano of good tone. At least one night a week there was an entertainment of some sort. Occasionally there was a fight. These functions were a big feature in furnishing amusement and keeping up the morale during these monotonously wearing weeks. Classes in bookkeeping, farming, horticulture, French and other subjects were conducted during the day under the best instructors obtainable. For the purpose of securing these instructors, the ranks of every company were combed. Three hundred and sixty-four contributed two: Binswanger, O. A. C. alumnus, who occupied the chair of horticulture, and Tusler, bookkeeping instructor. Besides the honor of sitting with this guild of dignitaries, these men were relieved from all detail—a concession utilized to the limit.

MOBILE EVACUATION HOSPITAL NO. 7

During February, twenty-five men from the company were detailed back to Chateau de Glaye, Mobile Evacuation Hospital No. 7 being unable to cope with the situation. There in that sea of mud men were dying every day from exposure, most of the cases being "flu" patients. But our boys took hold and with superior knowledge and training soon succeeded in relieving the situation.

"Judge" Hartley was one of this detail and tells his story as follows:

"We sometimes think that actual battle conditions in war are about the worst that can exist. While this may be true in the larger sense, I do not think it is entirely so, for experience under both circumstances has convinced me that war holds nothing inviting either while in action or after action has ceased.

"It is an unusual condition, of course, that sears the humane touch in actions of one brother toward another. A good example is illustrated by an incident near the little village of La Ferte Bernard, France, during February, 1919. This, you will recall, was after hostilities had ceased and the officers in charge had been subjected to little or none of the experiences of battle conditions, but were operating what was known as a mobile hospital. This being the winter season, the weather was none too good to promote the comfort of those of us who lived in barns, sheds and other conveniences. It was also at a time when influenza was sweeping the country in waves. The troops of our division were pretty free from the disease and when they did contract it, usually threw it off. However, there were cases aided by exposure where pneumonia followed, and these victims, after several days in their camps, were removed to this mobile hospital. Through mismanagement of those in charge, the confusion and disorder soon became general after they took charge of the hospital work in our vicinity. Some of the more delirious patients jumped out of the windows on the second floor of the chateau and wandered into the moat near by. Conditions became notorious and finally a group of the oldest, most experienced men of the division who had experience both in camp and field work, were sent to relieve the situation.

"Perhaps a brief description of the conditions will help explain the phychology of men's attitude while in these unfavorable circumstances.

"We found hospital ward tents literally floating in a sea of thick mud from two to ten inches deep. A squad of men was constantly shoveling this mud about in order to have places that looked like trails or walks. We were given high top 'arctic' overshoes and gum boots to wade around in. The patients were assigned to a tent according to the severity of his case, and I was one of this relief that was given the night shift in the 'death tent.' The ground was

so soft and wet inside that the cots would sink half way to the springs in the mud and it was not uncommon to shovel mud from between the cots. Fires were kept burning at each end of the tent and on account of these cases being pneumonia-influenza, all windows were tied open. The fast, rattling breathing of the victims was a constant whirr, increasing through the night until it reached its crest at about 4:00 A. M. If the patients survived the crest, they would be able, usually, to pull through until another night. Men were dying at the rate of from one to four every night. Along toward the last of our ten days 'relief' (before other hospital men came to supplement the regular crew), this constant dying process was trying on the nerves of those endeavoring to relieve the suffering. I had seen death and suffering on the battle field, but it is endowed with a greater sense of forbearance on account of its very nature. Needless to say, we were happy to be relieved of working under those conditions. Very shortly the patients were removed from the premises and were given better hospital facilities in a nearby town."

About February 20th came a disquieting rumor that 364 was fated to operate a hospital again. As this report persisted many pessimists were heard to "sound off." But as the days passed and the time for departure drew steadily nearer, the likelihood of drawing this duty became more remote.

INSPECTION MARCH 5TH

March 5th, a Colonel inspected the company. We had been previously told not to scrub haversacks and medical belts; but through the bawling out we received from this Colonel, it became necessary. Even the lining of our overcoats did not escape his vigilant eye. Wielding the bludgeon of fear, he said: "If you don't clean up you will stink by the time you get home." Whereupon the boys extended themselves further. From this day forth cleaning became an obsession; a few going so far as to wash their shelter halves, so "goofey" had they become. Drake and Gast, the company tailors, established a shop in a small room in the house at the Second Army quarters and cleaning, pressing, altering, sewing on chevrons, green trees and service stripes, was done as per schedule of prices. This relieved the two from K. P. and all other detail, besides netting them a few francs.

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THE BIG DINNER

Sunday, March 16th, was celebrated with a big chicken dinner. It was conceded to be the best we had had in France. As usual, on state occasions, Newell's services were requisitioned and he surely did wield a wicked knife. Kinsey, Heying, Newell, Jordan and Meyers were the K.P.s, and Stiegeler, Metz, Ridenour and Goodrich were the cooks on duty. Even Le Grandeur, our ex-cook, who concocted the historic Christmas dinner, could not keep out of the kitchen. Every man took away all his messkit would hold. Through the kindness of the farmer's wife, tables were arranged in the house and resting messkits on these, we stood to. That dinner was a foretaste of good things awaiting us at home. Hardly shall the event be forgotten by any of the boys.

Just before dinner a group photo was taken by a native photographer. In these latter days of our sojourn at Ceton Farm when every straw was a living sign-board pointing toward St. Nazaire and expectation was high, this dual feature was looked upon as a farewell to France.

ACTIVITIES

Activities during this, our last week at Ceton, were a series of hikes, setting-up exercises, ball, and completing preparations for leaving. Barracks bags — the property of Sergeants and Corporals—had been packed, one bag to every nine men.

We began cleaning quarters March 21st, but before we left, Dore Baumgart was discharged and went to his home in London, and "Slick" Meyers was transferred to the Y. He left for Paris and had sent for his wife whose home was at Steilacoom, Washington, to join him there. Meyers learned, after getting to Paris, that his wife was not permitted to come to him; whereupon he lost no time making arrangements to go home with all possible speed. "Kaiser" Wilhelm went to the university at Beaune, France. By his own request, Captain Brooke was transferred to the Red Cross and headed for Paris, and Lieutenant Vanderboget was transferred to the Army of Occupation.

GOOD-BYE CETON

By 8:00 A. M., March 23rd, packs had been rolled and dumped at the turn of the road where they were picked up by two trucks and started toward Le Ferte, the entraining point, accompanied by a small baggage detail.

As we did not leave until 1:30 in the afternoon, there was much time to stand about and think upon many things. That "though change be for the better, there is something sad in change" had lost nothing of its truth, seemed evident. One who ranged about searching for these symptoms, came upon George Stiegeler standing—very still—in front of where the kitchen had been, a smoking cigar between his fingers, an odd look on his face and a far-away look in his eyes. But George was not smoking. When spoken to he did not reply. Quietly withdrawing (for the ground on which he stood was hallowed), George was left alone with his company. It was good. George was a cook.

"Toothless Jane" found it hard to smile. In her voice was detected a new note, more eloquent than any sentiment, and a look that made us turn away and get awfully busy. Here we had been since January 29th, the longest we had remained in any one place since leaving Camp Lewis. We had come and gone at will, had become, as it were, a part of the community. Now we were to be missed. Toothless Jane had washed and mended our clothing and sewed on buttons. She was a good scout.

But we must away. After lunching lightly on bread, cheese, and the other bits that were left, the company lined up in the road at 2:30, answered roll, and after each man had been given a banana and a cookie, did a right by fours, and with a whoop of joy, we were on our way toward St. Nazaire. Passing through Ceton there were more familiar faces, more wan smiles, added memories to carry home.

Taking the route that leads via Chateau de Glaye, we arrived at Le Ferte Bernard at 6:30, just as it started to rain. After locating packs, we stood for forty-five minutes in the rain listening to General Johnson's talk, then filed through the Y for coffee and cocoa and a good assortment of candy. Entrainment was at 8:00 o'clock. Although straw or hay was not allowed in these box cars when occupied by troops, two bales were smuggled into each car before start-

ing, and scattered over the floor after we got under way. It has been a subject of much discussion that, during the war, a mule or horse was not only of more value than a man, but was treated with more consideration, received better care. In transportation he had all the hay he could eat and plenty to lie down on; while a man was thrown into the same car —often before it had been properly cleaned—with nothing but the floor to rest on. Men were crowded into these cars in such numbers that the only time they had room enough to breathe was when everybody stood up. Here is the way we spent the night:

"Whose foot is that?"

"It's my head."

"Whose ear is that?"

"It's my nose."

"Get your foot out of my mouth, you ———."

"Whose leg am I settin' on?"

"It's my head."

"What's the matter Bill, can't you keep your foot still?" As a tremulous foot poised dangerously near a nose.

"My leg's got a cramp in it."

"Aw, my foot's asleep, blankety, blank, blank."

As to the already sickening air the expletives of brimstone added their quota, and the pressure of legs, heads, feet and bodies mingled with the reeking odor of smelly feet, composed a general atmosphere as of some invisible force crowding, pressing in, threatening to squeeze the life-blood out of one. This was a nightmare like those enjoyed enroute to the front in hommes 40, Cheveaux 8. Thank God! it is the last.

MONTOIR

About 1:30 the next day we pulled into St. Nazaire, loaded packs into trucks and walked six miles to Reserve Camp E 6, Montoir, arriving at 4:00 P. M.

Barracks here were similar to those at Camp 1, where we spent the month of August, 1918, but more sanitary. Two bales of cork shavings were allotted to our barracks. These were opened and the men allowed a portion for each tick. The mad scramble that ensued was refereed by two Sergeants, the best grabbers getting the most cork. At the close of the contest the ground was covered with cork. What was

left in the sacks was put on the slats and slept on. The poorest grabbers slept cold.

Now two new slogans were minted: "You can't holler in line. If you do, you don't go home," and "Obey all rules or you are hooked to stay over here." Again that bludgeon of fear. Everybody seemed to have gone crazy.

TAG INSPECTION

March 25th there was an indentification tag inspection by Major Colbert, our much-wounded, battered and striped Commander. He had come out of an auto accident that laid him up in the hospital for several days, only a few days earlier, and his anterior cranial anatomy was still undergoing repairs.

EXCHANGE

At this stage we were required to exchange our francs for United States money. The sight of greenbacks and the feel of them in our palm brought an added feeling that we were drawing, each day, nearer the country where men felt human, lived normally, and where we too might live anew. This hope never failed to bring its accompanying thrill.

COMMISSARY

The commissary service here was the best. When open there was always a line through the door. Because business was so good it frequently became necessary to close the door any hour in order to check up and to receive and distribute supplies. Of the immense quantities of candy, cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, etc., that was sold; canned fruit—especially peaches — was the most popular, and for this reason it was not unusual to find, upon calling for it, the stock sold out.

ACTIVITIES

Inspections were held every day, there were setting-up exercises, drill and ball. At night, smokers and shows. From among the numbers of soldiers passing through, some really fair players were drawn. As a result there was a snappy game of ball occasionally. To view these exhibitions the spectators stood around the field or climbed upon buildings and fences, wearing pieces of paper stuck under their caps to shield their eyes from the glare of the sun. Fancy

may readily conjure the scene. Frequently there were games between colored soldiers. At the time 364 was there, colored soldiers were numerous. It is not known whether Dave Rodgers, of Louisiana, saluted a colored officer. Dave had been heard to declare he would not.

THE CUISINE

Casual Kitchen No. 3, a building 300x300 feet, was operated by negro soldiers. The men lined up before it in triple line and kept this formation until served at the far end of the building. The slow tedious process of getting up to be served was a severe strain on the forbearance of some of the more spirited, less well controlled, who could not refrain from pushing in line. Doubtless it was for the instruction of this element and in the attempt to control it, that the slogan "You can't holler in line. If you do you don't go home" was coined. To enforce this law, officers were stationed both at the entrance and in the mess hall. The capacity of this kitchen was about fifteen thousand men per hour, and those coons did wield a wicked spoon. The first morning they were serving eggs with the menu. When the eggs ran out, the servitor announced, "Uncle Sam's hens quit layin'."

POLISHING MESS KITS

Now came a solemn warning about mess kits. And just at the time when everybody was feeling clean and smugly self-complacent. It was the final hurdle placed in the way to teach us that too much confidence is folly, and most of all that we had yet a long way to go before getting home. Mess kits that had been polished to the shining point at Ceton Farm were gone over aagin. Encrusted dirt that had been carried from the States was gouged out of intricate crannies with pointed instruments. If the work had been thorough before, it was exhaustive now; for the word was that the next inspection would be by a crank whose hobby was mess kits and who was endowed with the ability to see dirt where no one else could see it. Furthermore the promise of a protracted sojourn in that land of frogs until such time that said mess kits, with appurtenances, might appear without spot or blemish, was held out. Again the bludgeon of fear. But all went safely over the hurdle.

At this time Major Colbert, who had been Commander of Field Hospitals, took command of the company.

Sunday, March 30th, we were expected, according to rumor, to leave on the "Lancaster;" but as we did not, the hard-boiled charged it up to S. O. S. account. In this manner the week dragged by. April 2nd, a detail, consisting of Garrard, Binswanger, Helmer, Holt, Kaufman, Van Winkle, Vranizan, Brown, Drew and Bill Stipe, in charge of Corporals Sheeley and Taylor, was sent to unload a car of wood. This detail wondered all day as they worked, unloading and piling, why they, members of the 316 Sanitary Train, were required to do work that Boche prisoners were doing. More especially as the prospects of getting any benefit from their labor, other than that of exercise, seemed exceedingly remote. About 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon somebody spread the rumor (no doubt framed for the detail alone, as it was supposed they would need cheering up), that 364 had received orders to move at 5:00 o'clock the next morning and that the detail should report to quarters at once. At the barracks no order had been received. S. O. S.

During this week "Lest We Forget," or the story of the sinking of the "Lusitania," was shown on the screen at the theatre. This reel was recognized as the same as shown in Seattle in May, 1918. But men who occupied comfortable seats to view it the first time stood for two hours to see it repeated over there. Not a man in 364 shall forget.

EMBARKATION INSPECTION

April 6th, at 1:30 P. M., like a bolt out of a cloudless sky came the order that sent us scurrying again. It was for our final physical inspection. The boys shall always remember this inspection, especially the manner in which it was conducted. Every part of it was done on the run. Each man was stripped to the waist and went through carrying his clothes in one hand. In the first room an officer seated at a table glanced at him and waved him on. In the next room another officer, standing in a corner, barked, "Say ah." Without stopping, the next move was a column right. In the next room the victim was checked out as inspected and passed. And throughout the ordeal even the officers inspecting did not find it necessary—or possible—to maintain an air of gravity.

St. Nazaire

THE EMBARKATION

April 7th we arose at 3:30 A. M. and rolled packs. Breakfasted at 5:00 and at 6:45 lined up in overcoats, helmets and gas masks; packs being sent ahead by truck. But before leaving the barracks a policing detail combed the ground inside the barracks with a fine tooth comb and burned the refuse in the stove. In this particular not a square inch was overlooked for it had been reported that an outfit had undertaken to board their ship and were just in the act when they were stopped by an officer, taken back to the barracks from whence they came and made to clean barracks. In addition, they forfeited their chance to sail on that boat. It was many a day until they were given another. With visions of a like fate staring at us, that barracks was left as clean as though it had never been occupied. Again the bludgeon of fear. Should we ever be free from it? Were we never to get out from under its menacing poise?

While waiting, with the rest of the Sanitary Train, the order to march, Captain Koehn who had been with the company since December, 1917, came down the line shaking hands and bidding the boys good-bye. There was a little of the irony of fate in the fact that, more than any of the others officers, he was anxious to go home and almost at the last moment he had received orders to remain for a few days. But he was apprehensive that those few days might lengthen and thus he should be kept indefinitely. As to this there is uncertainty. Lieutenants Corper and Tommerson were sent home with infantry companies of the 91st Division

As we marched out through the camp, we met detail after detail of Boche prisoners. Glancing sharply into their faces in an effort to get their minds, most of them appeared as grown men with the mind of a child; although here and there was a face that seemed to reflect a degree of intelligence. Now and then a remark of hate and a malevolent look was noted as they beheld us on our victorious way home. The disparity between their lot and ours was not one calculated to inspire songs of praise, and their mental attitude may well be imagined. These Boches were detailed to work on the road with pick and shovel under guard of American soldiers.

Passing through St. Nazaire, French girls called bon soir

and good-bye through the windows, and groups of Americans whose sailing date was as yet undetermined looked enviously on, and colored soldiers in the embarkation service murmured it and repeated: "I know you're glad to go."

From 10:00 A. M. till 2:30 P. M. we waited in the street for our turn to walk up the gang-plank. During the interval the Red Cross served deviled ham sandwiches and jelly. After the men had been steadily embarking for two hours, there was a pause in that long line, the men were seen to stop suddenly, face about and start down the plank. What was wrong? Were we to be sent back to camp? Had some outfit failed to clean up and were we thus to pay the penalty? Were we not going home after all? This hideous spectre was not dispelled until the slow-moving line began to advance again. This time the bludgeon decended harmlessly.

During the embarkation many a kodak was trained upon the line to fire its parting volley. Baked potatoes, "hot dogs" and black tea was our supper, and after eating we were ready to turn in; for we had risen at an early hour. The irregular eating of that day was a fitting preparation for the seasickness which was so prevalent during the voyage.

GOOD-BYE FRANCE

At 8:00 o'clock on the morning of April 8th, we weighed anchor and said good bye to France. But it was a tearless parting. As the shoreline receded we watched it with mingled thoughts; but the biggest was that the long period of monotony and uncertainty was at last ended, and under our feet we could feel the solid decks of the boat that was surely bearing us out and away toward home. Toward this day had we long looked forward, whiling away many idle moments in its contemplation, picturing what might be our outstanding sentiments and emotions. They were mingled. But chiefly we rejoiced in the knowledge that, as the shores of the old world receded, so, in inverse ratio, should the borders of that newer, that better world, unfold before our eager eyes.

Though a fair-sized boat the "Virginian" was crowded quarters for forty-one hundred men, consisting of the 316th Sanitary Train, the 316th Supply Train, the 316th Ambulance Train, and several casual companies. The mess hour was a

Chester E. Gast
Dr. Spiro Sargentish

Harry Evans
Ralph Jordan
George Schultz

Harley C. Griswold
Lieut. Rosenthal

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glorious one. At this time stairways leading up to the mess-hall were choked, many having to wait hours during the process before being able to reach the mess-hall. It was at such times that, with the combined roll, tilt and careen of the boat and the stuffy air, many received their first baptism of seasickness and were compelled to bolt for the open air with empty mess kit under their arm. All the decks were of iron, the floor of the mess-hall was always slick, if not sloppy, and accidents with filled mess kits were not infrequent. The tables, though cleaned after a fashion after each meal, were not appetizing to contemplate, and if it had not been for the fact that the boys ate out of their mess kits, it is doubtful if even soldiers could have eaten off of them. Near the wash vats, slop cans were placed. At each meal those sitting near enjoyed the toothsome sight of some who had just eaten, and not being able to contain, emptying into these receptacles. However, like good soldiers, we paid no attention to the matter and proceeded with our eating. But with the sloppy condition of floor and tables, and the revolting odors of the place, it was hard to get away with it.

Unquestionably the poor food, combined with the crowded condition of the boat and the rough weather, made the percentage rating of seasickness high, and many who had established for themselves a record for seamanship on the "Olympic," ignominiously lost it on the "Virginian." Three storms, which occurred on the third, eighth and eleventh days, were weathered and most of the time in between the water was rough; though crossing the gulf stream the sixth and seventh days the water was smooth and the weather mild, while down below it was hot and blankets were dispensed with.

April 16th, the ninth day, many radio messages were sent to relatives at home notifying them of the day we should arrive in New York.

CRAP GAMES

The voyage was characterized by one outstanding feature that discounted all others more than any actual comparison that could be applied to it. The sight was like unto that of a pack of ravenous, barking, snarling wolves closing in upon their prey, yet fearful and at bay. But upon closer approach what is seen? Only two small, speckled cubes

rolling innocently upon an O. D. blanket. They shot craps all day; they shot all night. They pawed the air; they worked themselves into a frenzy. Vehemently, rabidly, they played; some making a small fortune, others losing their all. It was said one man cleaned up fifteen thousand which, for a soldier, was something.

With absolutely no regard for the rights of others who were trying to sleep, they sprawled upon the hatchway, sticking their feet under bunks, making night hideous for the occupants. If at last there was one who had the nerve to get up and switch off the light, these fiends, in whose arteries the fever ran hotly, slunk away cursing him for the deed and sought another deck or section where the light still burned, where they might continue to carry on. By day some watched and watched until they too became infected, when down upon the O. D. they flopped and rolled the bones they had never rolled before. "Monte Carlo" we called it. Compared to which Monte Carlo was a young men's bible class.

Pay day occurred soon after sailing and with nothing to do and the confinement of the boat, this money was as veritable coals of fire in the pocket. The boys could not rest until they had put it into circulation. This gambling, though against military law, was universal and allowed to go on in utmost abandon under the very eyes of the officers on board, who closed their eyes and made no effort to stop it. Which was additional evidence that the men were almost out of the army.

Now that inspections were over and we were out from under the bludgeon of fear, at least for the period of the passage, many a face long intimately acquainted with the razor, became estranged from that implement. Men shaved only for their own personal comfort. There was a two-chair barber shop on the upper deck and outside its door the waiting list of grizzled jowls stood a continuous performance. To stand there from morning until mess-call, being next in line, waiting for the door to open for one to slip out when he should pop in. At this juncture for an officer to walk up and order, "Everybody off deck." "Everybody below," was the regular thing. Possibly this one intended to forego dinner. It made no difference. Orders must be obeyed. So he goes below, lies in his bunk, eats no dinner, loses his

place in line, loses his shave, bestows a few compliments, and feels more like a bear robbed of her young than a human. "You can't sit here, you can't stand here, you can't stay here"—the slogan, born on the "Olympic" and old in story, had lost none of its efficacy; the slogan that shall embellish many a tale handed down to posterity. Do they ask why we "love" the army? The above incident is one of the hundreds that could be used to illustrate why we do.

Saturday evening, April 19th, all on board were straining their eyes for a sight of land. Once, standing on the bow, some of the boys thought they saw it; but a too eager imagination was playing pranks, picturing an illusion in a heavy blanket of haze. Land was yet beyond the hump. That night some bunks were tenantless. About midnight we picked up Sandy Hook light flashing off our port bow. At 2:00 A. M. the faint blush of the Brooklyn and Long Island lights were seen on our starboard bow. This on a clear, starry night with a three-quarter moon riding at an angle of thirty degrees. These scenes marked the beginning of the close of a none too auspicious passage. For twelve days since putting out of St. Nazaire we had tossed about on the face of the deep, with strong head winds most of the way and encountering three sou'wester squalls which lashed the waves into foam, transmuting the general surface into gray velvet.

Picture standing on the deck watching the long, white lines of skirmish shoot out over the top, covering light green; and the inky patches in between. We muse. Perhaps it is of the Belgian Rose we are thinking—the smuggling, cuddling Belgian Rose with luscious brown orbs and soft whispering voice. Or perhaps it is of the sweet ma cherie we dream—the dainty lass, who looked regretful, sad eyed whose roses faded, who was desolated at parting. Or it may be the home folks are uppermost in our thoughts. We wonder how we shall find them. When all of a sudden—

"Careen!" says the boat;

"Squeam!" says the stomach;

"Latrine!" says the head—

And s'teen to one we are acting mess sergeant to the scaly squad.

"What are we coming to?" says the leader of the fish.

"On right into line, march! Company—halt! Front! Fall out for mess."

The spectacle of hundreds of men giving, in this way, of their life's blood to the Allied Cause, was not without its thrills; but it smacked of extortion. Not much willingness in the giving was manifest. Upon arrival, uniforms were found to be several sizes too large. However, when it is considered how the boat, like a porpoise, stuck her nose into the trough of the sea then, cork like, balanced over the crest of the next hillock, the propellers threshing the air, the pistons working like shuttlecocks; it is not appalling that schools of the finny tribe trailed our wake and the seagull was always in the offing.

Just at sunrise on Easter morning (what time more fitting?), we dropped anchor in the lower harbor. While riding at anchor, a booming cheer sounded off on our port, as the "Great Northern" shot past with springs in her heels, her decks a solid mass of brown. She had left Brest after the "Virginian" had sailed and was scheduled to precede us into the harbor. Moving forward, we were met by the Mayor's committee of welcome with a motion picture machine that filmed us as we passed, waving and cheering. A band, playing, followed us in. To us the countenance of the Goddess seemed more benignant than usual. She almost smiled. As the boys looked upon her they thought of their oft repeated promise that if they ever looked her in the face again, she would have to do an "about face."

The climax came when the "Virginian" warped up alongside Pier No. 7, Hoboken, and that two-inch hemp was thrown out. We watched it slowly tighten and coming to a stop amid the playing of a band on the pier, a roar went up that was not of grief and many an eye was not abnormally dry. Certainly we were the best satisfied crowd on God's watery earth.

DEBARKATION

Debarking about noon we were fed at the debarkation mess hall, as large as that at St. Nazaire and better equipped. A time-saving feature of this cuisine was found in using other mess kits, which were washed by the service. Passing on through the building, we returned to the place where our packs were piled, under guard, shouldered them and marched directly to the ferry. Passing down under the bridges we swung around the lower end of Manhattan Island, landing

at Long Island City. On the way from the ferry to the train, women on either side handed out cake, which we ate on the run. On the train fresh milk was on tap—a luxury long missed. Arrived at Camp Upton at 7:00 P. M. Through the inefficiency of someone, five attempts were made before our barracks were located; but near midnight we went to bed, tired and exhausted from the trip and finding it hard to realize that again this was America—our own—and not foreign soil upon which we were resting.

CAMP UPTON

From this time on it was ours to go and come at will anywhere on the cantonment. The hostess houses, as well as the stores, served meals cafeteria style, and the boys made up for lost time. To sit down at a real table with a well equipped tray seemed like an entirely new experience, as if we were doing something we had never done before. To sit down in an easy chair in the cozy quarters of a hostess house and take up a magazine—that, too, seemed a new experience, and someway we felt ill at ease and out of place there. Even to remove the overseas cap seemed a strange thing to do. These hostess house accommodations were used and appreciated to the full.

The evening of the first day at Camp Upton, 364 was deloused and moved to another quarter of the camp, out of the unclean zone, where we rested five days. During this time everybody had a pass to New York and a few also went to Washington, D. C. The sixth day the company moved to depot brigade quarters where we were split up into camps according to the several locations of our homes.

April 29th, Top Sergeant Hershner was made the recipient of a gold watch purchased in New York by John Helmer, Wm. Stipe and J. Vranizan, and presented by the boys. The Top was quite taken by surprise and was not able, at first, to understand what was the occasion of his arraignment.

It seemed that the company was marooned on a No Man's Land of America. Nothing grows on that flat, white, sandy, wind-swept island but pines and they are scrawny and jagged, reminding one of the shell swept foliage of No Man's Land. But the fact that it was the soil of our native land lent a strangely comfortable sense of propinquity.

ENTRAINING AND THE TRIP ACROSS CONTINENT

At 5:15 P. M., of May 2nd, we entrained and started slowly on the long roll across the continent. The boys drew a deep breath replete with satisfaction for this was the moment next in importance to that of the embarkation at St. Nazaire, the moment marking the beginning of the last leg of the homeward journey.

At the Pennsylvania Station, New York, while the train stopped half an hour, the Red Cross women served cookies and coffee. Then we rolled under Little Old New York and North River, coming up on the Jersey Shore, and sped off westward into the night.

Passing through the Catskills by the place where Rip Van Winkle did his famous twenty-year stunt, by Seneca Lake and the south end of Lake Huron, we stopped at Niagara at 1:30 P. M., the next day, spending two hours there. Swede Anderson and J. Vranizan distinguished themselves by getting left when the train pulled out. However, at Chicago the next day when the train stopped two hours, they overtook and rejoined the company. Stopping an hour at Dubuque, the Red Cross served coffee, pie and candy, and a throng of people was out to welcome us. Also at Omaha, Grand Island and North Platte the Red Cross women were on hand with refreshments. We stopped an hour at Green River and at Pocatella five hours, taking a swim at the Y and strolling about town. At La Grande and Pendleton the Red Cross served. The company was given a dance at Pendleton, beginning at 10:00 P. M. At midnight we pulled out.

At Troutdale, Mayor Baker met the train and accompanied us into Portland. As we pulled in over the river at 8:00 o'clock, the morning of May 8th, amid the shrieks of whistles and the spouting of water by the fire boat, "Geo. H. Williams," it was a moment for thrills. At the depot were waiting relatives who received us with open arms.

Home at last! Does anyone know what it meant to us? Only we who went, who saw, felt and endured the things we have tried to set forth in this little book, and much more not here recorded, for it would be impossible to tell it all, can fully appreciate what it meant to be home again.

The honor of leading the parade from the depot to the Liberty Temple was awarded to 364. This brought us imme-

diately in front of Mayor Baker and within sound of his voice when he made the address of welcome. Major Colbert followed with a short talk in which he told the people that "364 had made good over there—every one of them." After breakfast at the Benson the boys were at liberty to do as they pleased until 1:00 A. M. that night, when the train pulled out for Camp Lewis where the machinery for grinding us out was set in motion. The process commenced at 6:00 A. M. at the depot, and by 2:00 P. M. of the following day, May 10th, the last man was out of the army.

With the honorable discharge safe in our inside pocket, our railroad ticket purchased, the Y man had shaken our hand, wishing us good luck, and we found ourselves outside the door free men. The air seemed freer, lighter. From our shoulders a great weight had fallen. Now across the cantonment, singly and in pairs, toward the station was the exodus, each man bearing a feeling of detachment. Something was missing. For twenty-two months the company had been together, worked together, moved together. Each man had come to feel the welding influence of unity, and there had grown up a strong feeling of interdependency. But now each man was to be on his own. The sensation was both unique and strange.

From Camp Lewis to the Land of the Screaming Shell and back again, we bring experiences, some of which we have here tried to record, experiences that make us richer, which need not the aid of this volume, for their impress shall never fade from memory. We have taken our chance, we have risked all that democracy might live. Now that we are home again, it is ours to again merge with those who stood to the guns at home, who kept the "home fires burning," and to take up anew the burden where it fell at the call of the colors.

And when this generation shall have gone the way of all the earth, the rising generation and generations yet unborn, shall have knowledge from this record that this group of men did their simple duty in the great crisis.

PART IV

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THEM

Harold Hershner, a product of Corvallis, Oregon, August 31, 1887. This young man first entered the 364th as a private, and after looking the field over decided the job he was cut out for was mess sergeant. After three days on K. P. he wired home and told the folks he had made a mistake. He then transferred his affections to the Q. M. department, liking it so well he accepted a warrant as sergeant. Still seeking higher honors he won his chevrons as sergeant first class, and still kept going until he gained the title of top kicker.

Harold had the habit of giving orders, but, at times, neglected to follow them. The result of one of these was six hours in the hoosegow aboard the "Olympic" on our trip overseas. During civilian life he follows the occupation of banking, and can be located in Hood River, Oregon, behind the bars of the Butler Banking Company. After working hours he can be found in a little house on the hill, with his C. O., Mrs. Harold Hershner.

We have with us another notable of banking fame, Finley D. McNaughton, one of the shining lights of the Lumbermen's Trust Company, Portland, Ore. "Mac." as the boys called him, had a start on the rest of them, as the first time he put on the O. D. he found his stripes already there, and while he was not looking someone stuck on another one, making him sergeant first class. Mac proceeded to mess the company up with his fours east and west, and gave it up as a bad job. While overseas Mac got lost and before he found the company again he absorbed so much scenery and incidents that it made us all envious of his "good luck." Before joining the Service, Mac was connected with the newspaper game. Being well read and always well informed on any argument that came up, he was generally called to settle disputes, especially regarding pinochle, five hundred or seven-up, for he was a wicked player along these lines. After his discharge, finding life a little lonely, he found himself paying the way for two, being married a few months ago.

Clifford W. Duncan
"Roaring Bill" Stipe

Duncan C. McLean
George Pettengill
Edw. R. Barendrick

Dom Vranizan
Jason F. Van Winkle

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Louis J. Bronaugh hailed from the Rose City. "Colonel," as he was known by the boys, like all other poor boys trying to get along in the world, started his career in the army as mess sergeant; stuck with it until we reached Belgium, where he was promoted to sergeant first class. Being a strict disciplinarian, Louis had the boys worried; but not as much as he thought. At present you will find him selling automobiles for the Northwest Auto Company, and between puffs on that grand old pipe with the "A" on it, he says "business is good."

Walter A. Hummel, a product of Portland in the year 1892. Walt was one of those easy going fellows, and if a vote were called for the most popular man in the company, he would win by a mile. He was one of the company's shining athletes, holding records for running, also holding several medals and prizes: one especially valued, that he left in Ghent, Belgium. Like the rest of the N. C. O's., he was one of the originals leaving Portland. Starting out as a private, becoming assistant mess sergeant at Camp Lewis, and a few months before departure for France, received his sergeancy. At present he is located in Eugene, Oregon, the proud possessor of a new wife and a progressive confectionery store.

Geo. H. Jehlinger—nobody could forget. A product of Chicago, and why he picked on Portland for a home, nobody knows. Before answering "here" at the roll-call, he was employed by the Meier & Frank Company, as the head of one of their departments. Being an affable fellow, and always sticking to his comrades, no matter where, he proved his mettle on two occasions: once in Centralia, Wash., and again in France when, one night it was rather noisy overhead, he stuck to a certain sergeant who had sought shelter in a dug-out, assuring the excited one "that everything was alright." At present he is still connected with the M. & F. Company, and from the latest reports, he is doing fine.

Of all men we had, there is one the boys always kept track of. He answered to the roll-call by the name of Karl R. Madison. "Maddy," as they named him, always told the boys that any time he could be of service to them, he would gladly do so. Leaving his job and coming direct to the recruiting office from Holman's Undertaking establishment,

he signed with John Guy Strohm as one of the original seventy-nine. From reports on the other side they rather thought he would be a valuable fixture to the company. Maddy came from Omaha, and during his tour around the States, decided to settle down in Portland. Since his discharge he found that single blessedness was out of date; therefore, following the footsteps of a few others of his company, has settled down for "better or worse." Maddy was always careful, always watchful, about what he did. In fact, in Belgium, during a short walk behind the lines, spying an aeroplane overhead and, as ever, always cautious, thinking it a Fritz, he came near falling into the river trying to hide in the grass. At present you will find him in his regular line of business with Finley & Son, local undertakers, Portland, Oregon.

At the corner grocery store, the tobacco chewers league of Hicksville are still talking about Clyde Walters. They say, back there, he was the best piccolo players in those parts, and before the war was over he would carve a name for himself otherwise. But at last too late. The war ended too soon and found Clyde a first class sergeant. Not only that, but he was president, secretary and treasurer of the Sun Dodgers' Organization. Next to Colonel Seville's forty thieves, the Sun Dodgers came next, holding all records for the 91st. Clyde entered the company as one of the original members, being too heavy for light work, weighing around two hundred pounds, and too light for heavy, he decided to pick a "soft spot" in the G. M. department of the company, a position he held until his return. At present Clyde is a member of the John A. Walter Tire Company, and during his spare moments is studying dentistry at the North Pacific Dental College.

Edward W. Conroy claimed Montana as his home State and Anaconda as his home town. Arriving in Camp Lewis, he became affiliated with the 364th soon after. Connie could always be depended on to work hard all the time, even while playing his favorite game of indoor baseball. At present Connie's address is unknown; but no doubt 515 Cherry Street, Anaconda, Mont., would reach him.

Edmund F. Munly first saw the light of day in Portland,

about 1895. At the first call, he left a good position with the Bank of California, to take the midnight trip to Camp Lewis. The C. O., finding that Ed was a marvel at the "hunt and peck system," decided the place for him was in the company's office—a position Ed could never get away from. While across on the other side, he was rewarded with a warrant as sergeant. Having a little Irish blood in his veins, Ed was inclined, at times, to get hot under the collar and boil over. The above condition became so serious at Roulers, Belgium, that it was necessary for him to leave the company for a few weeks and have a few dozen lanced and take a serum cure. At present, Ed can be found doing business at his old stand with the Bank of California, Portland, Oregon, looking out through the bars as teller.

Who could forget the name of "Red" Glen W. Sheeley, of Timber, Oregon, as his service record read? He was in the transfer business at the above place and hearing the call, came and joined his lot with the 364th. Glen, being very young and full of pep, was always up to something. As we remember, while out swimming in the Bay of Biscay, St. Nazaire, he was counted missing when the company was lined up for its march back to the barracks. The last seen of him was a spot of red putting out to sea, and a report was turned in by Lieut. Koehn, making him A. W. O. L., and charging desertion for trying to swim back to the States. However, for his effort and desire to return to the company and make good, he was made a corporal, in justice more than an honor, for he kept on the go the rest of the war. We have no other address; but Timber, Oregon, will reach him.

Edward R. Barendrick—"Baron" as he was called, a product of Portland, one of the few who started out with the company who remained steadfast to the end. Applying himself to hard study, and with interest in his work, Baron was detailed to look after the sick and wounded. It was with this start that he decided to follow the game, for at present you will find him at the University of Oregon, trying to solve the many problems of medicine.

Hart L. Brown, "the Crab." Why the crab? a stranger would ask. But the boys of the company knew Hart L.

Always looking for an argument and always finding one. Being one of the originals starting out with the company and seeing the thing through, leaving the company when it returned home from New York, he strayed to his old home in Little Valley, N. Y. Hart was, at times, in some tight places. While at Waereghem, Belgium, the shells fell over our operating tent, and Lieut. Vanderboget suggested that we take cover. Hart did; but Lieut. Vanderboget failed to make the grade. He was too fat.

Corporal Taylor—they called him—and if ever a corporal did his work, Wm. Lloyd Taylor was one of them. Lloyd hails from that town with a slogan, "Watch Tacoma Grow." There was never a job he balked at, no matter how hard or mean. One of those fellows you would be proud to use as an example, is Lloyd, a gentleman in every sense of the word. He came to the company a good while after its organization, and after setting his feet under the mess table the first time, was taken in as one of the old boys. From the last reports we had, he is selling automobiles in Tacoma and residing at 3702½ South "G" Street, where he is eating his mother's cooking, which he so often told us about.

Sam Cook—yes, just plain Sam Cook. As our friend, Earl Goodwin, often referred to him, "Big Hearted Sam," and when Earl said that, he struck it right. Sam was the biggest man in the company, not only physically, but in every way. He would give you everything and take nothing. Coming from Montana, where he was in the Forestry Service, and prior to that was a student at the University of Oregon, where he was one of the main springs of the football team. Upon arriving at Camp Lewis, hearing that some of his fellow students were with the 364th, he decided he would make his nest with them. As we have it from Clyde Walters, Sam was the most active member of the Sun Dodgers.

Beach Crofton, the "Powder Monkey." Beach would rather play with shells and powder than take a bath; always trying to find out what was on the inside and many times giving the boys a thrill by throwing powder into the fire. Beach was a native of Portland, and when the war broke out it found him in Montana chasing sheep around those

parts. On arrival at Hotel de Depot Brigade he was invited by one of his friends to have mess with 364. After that, he decided his future was with us during the rest of the conflict. At present you can find him with the Northwestern Electric Company, Portland, Oregon.

"Sympathy" Bill Gerber, he was called. Bill was the first Camp Lewis orchestra leader. To look at Bill you would never think he had a musical soul, but he had, and for many months entertained the boys playing his harmonious tunes. At last poor Bill was destined to play second fiddle, so decided to pass his honor to the next best. During his lifetime he had learned to drive a car, and with that knowledge he was picked to drive for the C. O., which he proceeded to do, even to Nice. And of that trip he would never tell. During working hours you will find him with Sweeney, Varney & Straub, printers, or at his home, 489½ East Couch Street, Portland, Ore.

We had with us a young man from Brush Prairie, Wash., a school-teacher, student and scholar. He came into the 364th to study the game of war. Most of that knowledge was gained thereafter from the seat of a motorcycle. If any doubt this, ask him of his wild ride from Proven, Belgium, to Paris. At present, Willard H. Hurley is studying dentistry at the North Pacific Dental College, Portland, Ore.

Charley Longpre called Huson, Mont., his home. We could tell you a lot about Charles; but would rather not. One thing, he was the hardest worker the company had. Regardless of army life, Charles had to keep busy no matter where. We were all afraid regarding him, as every time he turned around he caught pneumonia; but for once, on the other side, the French climate seemed to agree with him. Being of French ancestry, Charles talked French fluently and came to the rescue of a good many boys during their struggle with that language. Being one of the active members of the Sun Dodgers, he soon learned the art of that organization. You will find him back at his old trade, running a locomotive at Huson, Mont.

Herbert P. Killion hails for Farmer City, Illinois, but later with the 91st Division, Tacoma, Wash. Killion joined the company a few months after its arrival at Camp Lewis,

and by his easy-going manner was placed as one of the charter members of the "Goats", where he was a leader in all of their activities.

Basil L. Meekins comes from the sand lots of Portland, one of the seventy-nine originals who started out with the company. During his early days at Camp Lewis, between drills, he was found playing baseball and Basil surely liked to wing them over. We remember a certain M. D. that winged one over on him to the tune of a month in the hospital; but everything came out O. K., even if the boys in the operating room did lose hope. From the last reports he is living at 1570 Virginia Street, Portland, Ore.

The Sheriff of Rosebud County, and he said he always shot from the hip; but while the war was on the best Arthur Metz could do was to shoot flap-jacks. He was a wizard at that. Art calls South Sioux City, Neb., his home town. Outside of being a guardian of the law, he followed the profession of a landscape gardener, polishing off lots. We remember one night at Chateau de Glaye, Art should have arrested himself for disorderly conduct and being out after hours.

Frank H. Tusler, born in St. Paul, Minn., September 23, 1893. At an early age moved to the wilds of Montana. During the World War was located in Portland, Oregon, and hearing the call for men, he enlisted with the 364th F. H., as one of the original members, staying with that organization until its demobilization. Frank had the distinction of running the line and laying out our first camp site at Camp Lewis. A motorcycle driver part of the time and out of luck the rest. Whenever he had a soft job picked out for himself, someone else beat him to it; but nevertheless, while over seas his work was far above the average, especially with the sick and wounded—a record that any man should be proud of. At present he is still located at Warland, Mont.

"Wild Bill" Winters, holding the title of Inner Guard of the Sun Dodgers, was advanced to Honor Guard at Chateau de Glaye by his capable showing over "Swede" Anderson. Bill came from the town of Vancouver, Wash., a few miles from Portland. Soon after the company's arrival at Camp

Lewis, Bill was transferred to the 364th. During times when the morale of the company was at its lowest, Bill was called upon for a few of his songs, especially that of his famous "Consumptive Mary Jane", which always thrilled the boys, even up to Lieut. Koehn. Bill is still residing at 1511 Franklin Ave., Vancouver, Wash.

Dore I. Baumgart—who will ever forget him? Transferred to the company soon before its departure for over seas by virtue of holding a diploma as a pharmacist. Dore I., and his famous fiddle, was lost from us while at Ceton Farm and went to his former home in London, England, holding the distinction of being one of the first men discharged from the company after the Armistice. At present his address is unknown to us; but no doubt he has returned to the good old U. S. A., and will be found in his favorite haunts in Seattle, Wash.

Alvin Otto Binswanger, born in Portland, Oregon, April 28, 1895. Another member of the faithful seventy-nine. One would never suspect Alvin of being a private 1st. cl., in the 364th F. H., to see him, as one of our members recently did, at one of our famous first class hotels arrayed in full dress, appearing as one of America's society leaders, tripping the light fantastic at $1.50 per. Alvin always did everything in a high class manner, even to his work in the army and many a wounded man can thank his speedy recovery to Alvin's clever work and knowledge. At present we find him with the Sterling Food Products Company or at 100 No. 18th St., Portland, Oregon.

Geo. E. Drew enlisted with the company when it was first organized in Portland, and being well versed in medicine, decided, when joining the company, it would be beneficial to him, as well as his country, to pursue that line of work. After several months of hard study at the base hospital he was considered one of the best men in his line of work at the time we were ready to go over seas. On arrival home, George decided to follow another profession: got married and went into the real estate business, with offices at 354 Empire Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Isaac E. Garrard, born in Muncie, Ind., June 13, 1889. All the boys know I. E. of the National Cash Register fame.

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No matter where it was, up front or in the rear, you could always get an argument out of I. E., and the best part of it was that he had all of his arguments figured out just like the old National system. Starting out with the company, from the time we received our uniforms in the Medical Building, until the last man was discharged at Camp Lewis, he was always found willing and capable of any job he was asked to perform, especially K. P. I. E. can be located with the local Cash Register Company, still demonstrating to merchants the wonderful advantages his machine has over his competitors, and still telling the boys how much his quota exceeded that of previous years.

Chester E. Gast first became an American citizen in Plymouth, Ind., 1891. "Grandma" Gast, as he was known by the boys, and why "Grandma", nobody knows; but he was given that name and it stuck to him for the rest of his army career. When we think of Chester we think of the time he formed partners with Drake and ran the company's tailoring establishment at Ceton Farm, taking care of the boys' uniforms at two francs a throw, making a small fortune for his sight seeing trip on his arrival back in the States. Hearing Dr. Strohm's urgent call, Chet joined the company in Portland with the original crowd, staying with the bunch until all were mustered out in Camp Lewis. After going through all hardships of disease, shell fire and accidents in France, he was no sooner discharged when he had the misfortune of falling and fracturing his right leg. At the present time he has been discharged from the hospital, is in good condition, and can be found "at home" at 1064 Rodney Ave., Portland, Oregon.

Morris T. Gregory. Stop for a moment and think of our old comrade and friend, Morris. There was a time when he first came to the company from the Depot Brigade enquiring as to the possibilities of transferring into the company, saying he had all the qualifications necessary, being a student of Rush Medical College for two years. When informed that he could be transferred as a private, he flatly refused with much indignation, saying a sergeancy was the least he could accept. After tasting the food of the 364th, he decided to accept the humble appointment of a buck private, a rank he held until his unfortunate accident at Ceton, which resulted

Lieut. Schilt
William L. Tayler

Harry Ludlow
Earl R. Goodwin
Harlan Bristow

Francis T. Wade
Henry Wilson

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in sending him to the hospital, depriving him of the opportunity of making the trip home with the rest of the company. "Tony", as he was nick-named by some, probably due to his supposed Italian ancestry, was the butt of many jokes: one especially at Chateau de Glaye, when someone put a statue in his bed. The excitement caused when Tony decided to retire was almost as great as the cry of "Gas" created, which always called for action and speed on the part of Tony. After all was said and done, we all had a soft spot for our friend Morris. The last address we have is 337 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Joseph Mackey came to the company from the famous hotel "Depot Brigade", upon recommendation of being a first-class pharmacist. It was so decided for his and the army's benefit, and from his work while with the company it was proved that the transfer was a success. Joe dished out the pills and "hipe" with a steady hand. He also dealt a wicked hand at "500" at times, especially at Audenarde, when circumstances caused him to consider dealing out something else besides cards at a certain sergeant. Joe left us at New York upon our return to the States, and was demobilized at the Presidio, San Francisco. From there he went to his home, 715 So. Boyle St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Antone A. Maroldo was Lieut. Brooke's right hand man, especially at mess time; for it was "Maroldo this" and "Maroldo that" during his stay on the other side. Heading from Port Townsend, Wash., he came into the company just before our departure for over seas. Upon arriving home he decided 362 G St., Port Townsend, Wash., was the best place on earth, and he can be found there with his feet under mother's table.

John Helmer of Portland, Oregon. Our friend John—you know John, the fellow who decided to go to Portland one Saturday when stationed at Camp Lewis; but the Major decided otherwise when he spotted him on the train just before its departure. Things are different now. John is the big man of the 364th F. H. organization, having been elected at the last annual banquet as President, succeeding J. Harry Carroll, who held the honorable title for one year. Always willing to take care of any questions, troubles, or otherwise,

that may come before him during the term of his office, John is proving his worth as president. While across, his ability was soon discovered as one to look after the wounded, and no one could excel him in this branch of the service. You will find him selling haberdashery for C. C. Bradley, Portland, Oregon.

Leslie W. Hartley—"Judge" as the boys nick-named him. Being a lawyer by profession, his title was a just one. He was one of the original members who took the elevator to the sixth floor, Dr. Strohm's office, where he received part of his uniform, and like a good many others, bought the balance of his equipment to complete his regalia as a soldier of Uncle Sam. "Judge" was always famous for his decision on arguments and it was he who sentenced Dore I. Baumgart to solitary confinement on our trip to Portland for Christmas holidays. After landing in France, Judge accomplished wonderful work while in action. After the Armistice he was detailed with the Division Chaplain to look up lost graves, about which he has written an article appearing in this book. At present he is taking a course in an Eastern educational enterprise, and after completion, this will take him to France to travel over the old stamping ground. Anyone wishing to get into communication with him, address general delivery, Williams, Oregon.

E. R. Holt—"Rufus", as he was known by some, and by others, after the famous presentation speech by Sgt. Louis Holbrook, was called "Step-'n-ahalf-behind" Holt. Some say that it was only by installing the shower baths that he decided to stay in the army; but others decided differently. One could write a history regarding Rufus, but the mention of his name will recall many pleasant memories of the past. "Ruf", at the present time, is studying law at Stanford University, and when at home you can find him at 592 Salmon Street, Portland, Oregon.

Leonard I. Kaufman—the first man of the company to receive a Non. Com's. warrant at Camp Lewis. But instead of a Non. Com's warrant he should have been commissioned a "Second Looie" for the responsibilities he assumed. As Fate would have it, he was carried on the roster as "Lance Corporal;" but after looking over the army regulations, the

C. O. found that no such rank could be held by such a distinguished personage. So with the passing of this title also passed the cooking days of Len. How the boys did miss his famous "mystery" and his delicious "zipp" with the delicate flavoring of twenty-five cent cigars. "Len" was one of the heavies who first heard the call of Dr. Strohm and put his name on the dotted line, sticking with the company until the arrival back in Camp Lewis. We will say one thing about Len: no matter what he undertook, he always finished it right; but a good many of the boys would like to have had a snapshot of him at the end of the famous march to Dombazil. Len is selling ladies' cloaks and suits at the present time, and when at home you will find him at Trinity Place Apartments, Portland, Oregon.

Duncan C. McLean, one of the late arrivals of the company. He came from Northome, Minn. He said the Depot Brigade held no charms for him and cast his lot with the 364th. One of those happy-go-lucky fellows who did not care whether the war ended or not. If anybody was looking for Mac, he could always be found around the kitchen, until they decided to make a permanent K. P. of him. The above address will reach him at any time.

Laurence McNeal. Why they failed to call him "Shorty" will always be a mystery, as almost every company could boast of a "shorty" but 364. Laurence was the shortest man in the company outside of "Little Davy." Regardless of his height he could throw almost any man of the company. One of the officers found this out and had him throwing food to him for the rest of the war. The records show that Mac hailed from Hamilton, Mont., Gen. Del.

George F. Pettengill. Tall, hungry looking "Pett", or, as he was known—one of the Siamese Twins. We do not want to make the impression too strong, but he looked that way to us at times, for when looking at "Pett" you would look at Duncan, and when looking at Duncan you would see "Pett", asleep, walking, hiking or working. You could never get them apart. George did wonderful work in France and Belgium, especially at Roulers, where we were up against the wall with flu and pneumonia cases. George, at the present time, is taking a course in chemical engineering at Ore-

gon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore., and when at home you will find him with his folks in Newberg, Oregon.

Cornelius R. Stein, the representative of Oak Grove and holding the proud distinction of being the youngest man in the company. "Corney" was in fact only a boy at the time of his enlistment, being only seventeen years old; so everyone else in the company kept an eagle eye on him to see that he walked the straight and narrow path. Joining the company when first organized, he was detailed, with our friend Walter Miller, to look out for the Hotel de Sargentisch. Tiring of that after arriving on foreign soil, he was then detailed to look after stray sergeants and corporals. Corney came back wearing a French Medal of Honor bestowed upon him by the French Government, and it is needless to say that all the boys of 364 are proud of him. He is now with the Fleischner-Mayer Company, learning to be a traveling salesman. Corney can always be located at his mother's fireside, Oak Grove, Oregon.

Ira J. Drake was transferred from the Depot Brigade a few months before our departure for over seas. He hailed from Hornbrook, Calif., where he passes his time prospecting for gold. You will all remember Drake, for he always persisted in playing his violin when we were trying to steal a few moments of "shut-eye." At present his address is general delivery, Hornbrook, Calif.

Clifford W. Duncan, a product of Portland, Oregon, June 18, 1895, the other half of the Siamese Twins. "Cliff", as known by the boys, enlisted in the company soon after its arrival at Camp Lewis. Upon our departure for the other side, he took along his famous companion—his camera, and due to his ability in taking pictures under trying conditions, he was responsible for a group of pictures printed by him upon his return and distributed among the boys, which are held as very valuable souvenirs. He is attending the Oregon Agricultural College with his dear old pal "Pett", taking the same course of chemical engineering. His address is Corvallis, Oregon, 205 North 12th Street.

George E. Dorney—"Chaw", as the company nick-named him; first, because George was a true Irishman, and secondly

because he could chew more plug cut than the rest of the company put together. With this handicap over the rest of the boys he won the heart of the gay, young Mademoiselle "Pom de Tare." George is back at his old job with the post-office department, and living at his old address, Rex Arms Apartments, Portland, Oregon.

Henry Evans was born in Birmingham, England, December 4, 1894. When the war broke out it found him in Seattle, Wash. He was transferred from the Depot Brigade to the company soon after his arrival in Camp Lewis and shortly after that was made right hand man to Major Colbert, a position he held until after the battle of Ceton. After his discharge he returned to his home, 1320 15th Ave., South, Seattle, Wash.

Lester W. Gamble was one of the late arrivals of the company, having been transferred from the Depot Brigade. On his qualification card he was rated as a pharmacist, and it was deemed best to place him where his knowledge could be used to its best advantage. Lester was a hard worker and proved a valuable asset to 364. On his arrival back to the States he was discharged in New York and returned to his home in Ohio. Since then he has returned to Seattle, where he is now located.

George Stiegeler, one of the original members, cast his lot with the 364th with the rest of the boys, leaving Portland July 15th and working with the company through its months of training in Camp Lewis and actual service over seas. George's work while over seas can be highly commended; doing his best at all times regardless of personal contagion while attending the sick. Upon his return home to the States he has become affiliated with the dining car service of the S. P. & S. Ry. His present address is 366 6th St., Portland, Oregon.

Frederick R. Stipe—"Braised Beef Freddie", as he was commonly known. Starting out with the company as a private, he became assistant mess sergeant and, while over seas, assumed full responsibility of that department upon the promotion of Louis J. Bronaugh—a position he held until his return to the States. A good many tales can be told about

Fred regarding his cooking and difficulties with K. P's.; but the mere mention of his name will make every member of the old company look backwards. At present Frederick is connected with the Blumauer-Frank Drug Company, Portland, Oregon. His home address is 570 Weidler St., this city.

Wm. H. Stipe—"Roaring Bill" the boys named him, and the "Hero of Vimy Ridge" known by others; but by others he was considered the "Hero of Waereghem." This latter title was gained by his brilliant maneuvering on the night the 75s, located a short distance outside the city, shelled us from the cellar. In fact, he maneuvered so well we could not find him for the rest of the night. On return to civilian life Bill became connected with the United States Custom service. His present address is 207 Garrett St., Portland, Ore.

Paul R. Thompson. Paul R. danced his way from the Depot Brigade to the 364th company some few months after we arrived in Camp Lewis. The company being short of talent, and having a few vacancies, gladly welcomed Thompson. Paul, before his entrance into the army, was connected with several theatrical troupes and his ability to entertain the boys was second to none. After working with the company through all of its drives, doing valuable work with the sick and wounded, he was requisitioned by the Y. M. C. A. to travel among the different divisions and entertain. Just before the company returned to the States "Ham" joined us again, and upon arriving in New York was sent to Fort D. A. Russel for demobilization, returning to his home at 838 W. Spruce St., Missoula, Mont.

Jason F. Van Winkle dropped his work with the City Water office and hastened to 602 Medical Bldg., and signed his name on the dotted line as one of Lieut. Strohm's reliables. "Rip" was renowned for his literary aspirations and especially for his famous poem, "The Fighting 364th." Those who have not read it should do so. It has all the touching effect that any poem could have regarding the World War. He was always a hard worker, regardless of the task he was called upon to perform. On returning to the States he resumed his position with the City Water Works, and during his spare hours has helped to compile this little book. Van's present address is 930 E. Salmon St., Portland, Ore.

James M. Vranizan, always known as "Jimmy", was one of the first to enter the 364th. Without the presence of Jimmy we are afraid the morale of the company would have been low at times; but he was always full of life and when things seemed darkest he would find a way to cause a laugh. It was when we first arrived in France that Jimmy gave all of us something to laugh about. Desiring to see the little town of Cherbourg—and against orders, which were as usual disregarded by Jimmy—he was on his way. Upon his return to camp, while trying to crawl through the barbed wire enclosure, was halted and put under arrest. For this he suffered the penalty of having all privileges denied for one month. James returned to civilian life and became a representative of the Western Dry Goods Company, a position he now holds. 540 Clay St., Portland, Oregon, will reach him.

Francis Tonning Wade. Francis was the company's bugler. After several had tried out for the job it simmered down to Hart L. Brown, with the honors going to Francis. At the start it was rather a tough job; but after the boys got tired putting onions, carrots and such things into the bugle, he made very good progress, managing to get the boys out for drill; and especially around the mess table when he commenced to play "Soupy". After blowing his way through the army he managed to blow out again and decided to blow some of his savings for a law course in the University of Oregon, where he is now located. Francis' home address is Waitsburg, Wash.

John Wilhelm. John drew the nickname of "Kaiser", due to the fact that he carried the name of Wilhelm. Kaiser was one of the original members to enlist in Portland. While training in Camp Lewis he took an active interest in sports, being one of the managers of the Sanitary Train football team, which held the championship of the 91st Division. Tiring of his long wait before orders were received to "move over seas", he decided to transfer to the Engineers' Training Camp in the East. After arriving there and hearing of the departure of the 364th for over seas, was again transferred into the company on its arrival in New York. When the company was ordered home, John was one of those left behind to take a course in the French University and upon his

completion of study there, returned to New York, where he is now located.

Eskel E. Anderson. Transferred to the company a short time before its departure for France. After serving through with the company, was discharged at Camp Lewis and left for his home at 5515 Wallingford Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Sigfried Bjornsen, another who joined the company a few months before its departure over seas. "Big Sig" was a friend of all the boys, a hard worker and well fitted for the work he was assigned to. Sig returned to Camp Lewis with the rest of the company, going to his home at 1233 Grant St., Bellingham, Wash.

James L. Carroll, hearing of a vacancy in the company, settled his business affairs in Portland, rushed up to Camp Lewis, passed his physical examination at the Base Hospital, and was accepted as a member of the 364th. One of his first jobs—as always—he was put on K. P. and ordered out to cut wood one morning, which he proceeded to do; but not before he cut part of his fingers off. After that Jimmie was more or less out of luck, spending part of his time in the Base Hospital, and again in France was left behind on account of scarlet fever. At present you will find him presiding behind Stiller's cigar counter or at 314½ Eugene St., Portland, Oregon.

Harley G. Davenport, from dear old Chewelah, Wash. Of course, no one knows where the town of Chewelah is located, but nevertheless it can boast of one young man to be proud of. We remember the time Capt. Monroe took pity on Harley and had him transferred from the Depot Brigade to the company, and being a first class pharmacist, Harley was a welcome member. Returning home with the rest of the stragglers, he returned to his wife and fireside in "Dear Old Chewelah."

Peter S. Davis. Our old friend "Stew", as he was called —a nickname he acquired while going to school, and which followed him into the army. Stew was a product of Chinook, Wash., where he was engaged in the fish business, but discontinued this line for a few seasons to help out Uncle Sam. He started out with the Infantry, but hearing that a good

Donald MacClaire
Walter A. Hummel

Albert Goodrich
Charles E. Gasset
George E. Dorney

Charles Longpre
Clyde Walters

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many of his old friends were in 364, he decided to transfer. Stew was always on the job; however, he fell down once at Chateau de Glaye, according to Major Jones. Stew is back in the fish game at Chinook, Wash.

Richard P. Glasscock. "Perc" was born in Great Falls, Mont., October 6, 1894, and followed the occupation of a bookkeeper. When the war broke out it found him in Missoula, Mont. Arriving at Camp Lewis with the first contingent from that part of the State, he joined the company soon afterwards. Perc was one of the hardest workers the company had and a favorite among all the boys. He returned to Missoula after his discharge, where he is living at 542 S. 4th Street.

Harley G. Griswold. "Big Gris" was one of the few men sent out West from Minnesota. Why he chose the 364th was not known; however, Gris stayed with the company from the time he left Camp Lewis until he left us at New York. Gris was of a very high strung disposition, especially when the sound of high shells was audible, and had the habit of jumping when one would burst near. In fact, a good many of the fellows felt the effect of Gris' feet during night hikes near the front. The last we heard from Gris was from down on the farm in Dodge Center, Minn.

Eddie L. Heckinger. Our Southern friend, Eddie, hailed from Memphis, Tenn., and was connected with headquarters of the Sanitary Train. For some "unknown reason" he could not get along with a certain officer, so decided he would cast his lot with the 364th. While on the other side, Eddie was the one who made the wild dash to Paris with his band of braves. At present we have no address; but no doubt he is still down South.

Charles T. Hunter. Charley was one of the late arrivals, having been transferred from the Depot Brigade, just before the company left for over seas. We have not heard from Charley since his discharge from the army; but from all indications and past records, he is in the promoting business somewhere around Havre, Mont. The reason we surmise "promoting", is because Charley could promote anything that was obtainable. When he would lose his pack on a

march, he could promote a bed with one of his fellow members. When the chow of the company was rotten, he would commence promoting for his meals elsewhere. Nothing ever worried him and nothing ever will. Charley's record over seas as a worker was equal to that of any man. His present address, as we have it, is Havre, Mont., Gen. Del.

Roscoe R. Kinsey. "Sheep" Kinsey was a product of Glendive, Mont. Coming to Camp Lewis with the first contingent of selective men, Sheep was assigned to the 362nd Inf. Hearing that his cousin, Frank Tusler, was with the 364th F. H., decided that, if possible, he would make a transfer to that company. After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally became affiliated with the company before its departure over seas. While over seas Roscoe and Frank, who were always working together, performed very good service among the contagious patients. Upon his return to the States he went to Klamath Falls, Oregon, and entered the cattle business, where he is now located.

Harry Ludlow was born in Omaha, Nebr., September 17, 1898. He enlisted in the company soon after its arrival in Camp Lewis, coming from Tacoma, Wash. Going through the customary training at Camp Lewis, he was assigned to the nursing staff and while over seas, performed in that capacity with very good results. On returning to the States he went to his home, 4326 So. "J" St., Tacoma, Wash.

Fred Meyer. We all remember Fred Meyer. In fact, every one of the 364th has a picture of Fred Meyer—that is with a few exceptions. The picture in question was taken at Le Beau; however, when this was developed it was deemed necessary, due to his Adam-like apparel, to obliterate Fred from the scene. After serving through the different drives, Fred made application to be transferred to the Y. M. C. A. to do duty for them in Paris— a request which was granted. When the company departed from Ceton Farm, Fred was one of those who were left behind. No doubt by this time he is back in this country, and can be located at his home in Steilacoom, Wash.

Albert L. Newell was born in Seattle, Wash., November 12, 1894. He was one of the late arrivals in the company,

helping to make up the full quota before departing over seas. "Lefty's" chief occupation, when coming to the company, was Lieut. Vanderboget's chief assistant, a capacity which he filled until his return to the States. Lefty can be located at Skelton, Wash.

James H. Parker. "Goofey" Parker, as he was known by the 364th, was a native of Alhambra, California. During the world struggle, Parker was residing in Seattle, running his drug store—some say "drug" and some say "otherwise." But being within the draft age, Goofey was compelled to walk the plank like the rest. He arrived in Camp Lewis, and being a pharmacist, was turned over to the Sanitary Train and later came into the 364th F. H. Jim had a strong suspicion against the Camp Lewis water and was always quenching his thirst with something besides the aqua supplied to the company. On one occasion it necessitated a trip to the base hospital, in which the doctor diagnosed the case as "vanilla extract." While over seas Jim took his turn in dishing out C. C's. and various other remedies, and upon his return was sent to his home in California, later returning to 1500 Queen Ann Ave., Seattle, Wash., where he now resides.

Volney G. Riefsnider came from the town of Oronoco, Minn., and was one of the last to come into the company in order to establish its final quota. While over seas Volney accomplished very good work and, upon his return, wandered back to his home at the above address.

Wm. E. Ridenour. Ridenour will no doubt be remembered by all of the boys. A newcomer in the company just before our departure, was assigned to our dear old friend, "Braised Beef Freddy", as a permanent K. P. Becoming so adept, he was promoted to assistant cook, a position which he capably filled until his discharge in Camp Lewis.

Dave L. Rodgers is one man in the company we could write a book about, for every one remembers Dave and the amusement he caused while with the company at Camp Lewis and over seas. As his service record read, he was born in Coldwater, Tenn. Nobody doubted this, for the cold water must have stunted his growth. He held the distinction of being the shortest man in the company. Everybody liked Dave and would do anything they could for him. In return

Dave knew no limit of generosity. He confined his activities to the culinary department until his strike against his superior, Frederick R., when he refused to continue working under his supervision. Dave left us, upon our return to the States, at New York, returning to his home, Apt. 1, Shelby Court, Omaha, Nebr.

Oscar H. Saaheim, the famous "snuff" artist. Oscar was transferred into the company soon after his arrival in Camp Lewis, and came to us from the Depot Brigade, frankly admitting when he arrived, that he knew nothing at all about army life and the rest of the company soon agreed with him. On arriving in New York from Camp Lewis, Oscar was the first one of the company to experience the bite of a cootie. Although his inability to absorb the knowledge of "fours east and west" and the points about the human anatomy could not be equalled, his service overseas was beyond reproach. Oscar is now living in his former home in Olivia, Minn.

George W. Schultz. Schultz was one of the few who were rushed in at the last hour to fill the company's quota, and hailed from Grand Meadows, Minn. On his arrival in the company he became assistant to Capt. Corper, looking after his likes and dislikes. While overseas, as he was working under high tension, he confided to a few that he did not think he would return, expecting to come in contact with one of the hun's 45s. At the present writing you will find him on Route 2, Box 37, Grand Meadows, Minn., still very much alive.

Paul M. Vissman, the Caruso of the company, noted for his famous rendition of "Lulu". After taking the customary course of training he was assigned to look after the sick and wounded, under Sgt. Holbrook, always taking the greatest care of each and every one needing his services—with one exception. At Waereghem, while evacuating the sick to the rear, his desire to rush the work caused him to send one, who had passed away some hours before, in the ambulance as a slightly wounded patient. On his return to the States Paul returned to his home in San Fernando, Calif.

Dean Q. Waddell, hailing from Berkeley, Calif., being

qualified as a medical student, was transferred to the Sanitary Train, 364th F. H. While in the company he was recommended by his university as one of those selected to enter the officers' training camp. After spending a major portion of his time in the O. T. C., he was returned to the company, with which he made the trip overseas. He was assigned to Sgt. Madison in the operating department, and proved to be a very capable man in that capacity. At present he is located in the Euclid Apartments, Berkeley, Calif.

Henry N. Wilson was transferred to the 364th from the Depot Brigade, a few months before its departure for overseas. While confined in the Forest de Hesse it was necessary to send him back to the rear for an operation, joining us a few months prior to our return to the States. According to our record sheet he is now located in Hayfield, Minn.

Richard R. Gray came into the company as assistant to Lieut. Tommerson, who was the company dentist. While with the company he was assigned to look after the equipment and wants of the lieutenant. At present Gray is completing his dental course at the North Pacific Dental College, Portland, Oregon.

Albert Goodrich, one of the late arrivals in the company. While making the trip overseas with the boys and upon first landing in France, Goodrich was stricken with scarlet fever, and was confined, with his other tent mates, at the rest camp at Tour-la-ville. After recuperating, he returned to the company on its arrival in Belgium, where he was assigned to Frederick R. Stipe for K. P. duty, a position he held until his return and discharge. Albert can be located at Mt. Vernon, Wash.

Carl O. Muhr was born in Ruhven, Iowa, February 2, 1897. Carl came into the company at the instigation of his brother, who was connected with the 362d Ambulance. After arriving in camp he walked around several days in civies, and decided to enter the service. The only comment he would make regarding army life, when asked for his opinion was, "it sure is a tough life for a decent man." While with the company he held the record as a marathon eater. No matter when you looked at him he was eating,

and on the strength of this record, and in order to keep him in nourishment, he was assigned as a permanent K. P. On his return, and after his discharge at Camp Lewis, he went back to the folks at Warren, Oregon.

Ralph Ross Jordan first saw the light of day in Celina, Ohio, December 23, 1890. He enlisted May 25, 1918, at Camp Taylor, Kentucky; trained at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, and Camp Crane, Pennsylvania. He went overseas with the 6th Replacement Unit, and was transferred to the 364th F. H., September 25, 1918, at Brabant. Ralph was one of the four men who joined us while overseas—the only replacements we received after leaving New York. On his return to New York he was sent to Camp Sherman, Ohio, being discharged there May 8th, 1919, returning to his former home in Celina, where he is engaged in the hardware business.

Harlan C. Bristow enlisted in the company May 29, 1917. Harlan was one of the fortunate members of the company, being a duly warranted sergeant before his arrival at Camp Lewis, as he was assigned the honorable position as "keeper of the mess." It was he, with the aid of Harry Cherry, who concocted that memorial breakfast upon our initial arrival at Camp Lewis. The ways of a mess sergeant are sad, and after several months of toil and arguments with his friend, Sargentisch, he resigned in favor of Louis Bronaugh; however, he retained his rank. Later on, Harlan was transferred to Camp Infirmary No. 3, attached to the 316th Sanitary Train, acting in that capacity through all the major drives of the division. On his return home from overseas he retired to his orchard at Tigard, Oregon, where he is now following his literary pursuits, left off before the war.

Robert Bragg, while being a member of the 364th for only a short time, will be remembered as one of the popular boys of the company. He was transferred to the H. Q. of the Sanitary Train, where he held forth during the duration of the war.

Walter R. Miller was one of the original members of the 364th. After serving with the company for several months he was transferred to the H. Q. under Colonel Strohm, serv-

ing in that department until his return to the States. At present Walter is located in Portland, Oregon.

William Holden was with us when we answered the first roll call at Camp Lewis; but after a few months' service with the company was transferred to a Motor Transport corps and received a commission in that department.

John C. Sturm was another who participated in the first breakfast at Camp Lewis, prepared by our humble host, Sgt. Bristow. After being with the company for a few months and tiring of his inactivity, was transferred to the clerical force of the Base Hospital, from which position he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

Milton F. Penfield, our first company clerk, after serving for several months in that capacity was transferred to the Base Hospital and rose to the rank of a first lieutenant in the sanitary corps.

John E. Gilmore was another who was with the 364th for a few months, when he was transferred to the base hospital as sgt. 1st cl., in charge of the pharmacy. Later on he was sent overseas with a base hospital unit. At present he is with Kinsell's Pharmacy, Seattle, Wash.

Leon J. Robertson, after mingling several months with the 364th F. H., Camp Lewis, and like many others who first joined the company at Portland, became dissatisfied with the long stay at Camp Lewis and transferred his ability to other fields, much to his sorrow and the sorrow of his fellow comrades. Leon is now located at his old job with the Portland Flouring Mills, Portland, Oregon.

Brewer A. Billie was born April 3, 1893, at Chinook, Wash., and enlisted June 4, 1917, at Portland, Oregon. Brewer, in fact, was the company's first top sergeant, taking the company out almost every day during their first two months at Camp Lewis. After a long delay, while the company was held at Camp Lewis, he decided to transfer to the signal corps on December 18, 1917. After several months in Vancouver, where he had been assigned, he received his warrant as master electrician. At present he is in the contracting business in Astoria, Oregon. His home address is 76 Commercial Street.

Joseph B. Canfield—"Coffey Joe", as he was known to all the boys, became so proficient in interpretating army regulations that he was made sergeant for the company. After serving in that capacity and being full of ambition, he chose to select for himself a berth in the sanitary corps, where he was transferred and went to Camp Fremont, California, gaining a commission as 1st lieutenant in that branch of the service. From the latest reports we have of Joe, he has accepted a permanent berth in the regular army.

Merritt H. Hughes. Hughes was another one of Lieut. Strohm's original seventy-nine, who, after a few months' service with the company, transferred into the q. m. department. At present we have no address of Merritt; but no doubt he is located in or near Portland, Oregon.

Thomas G. Hunter. "Grove" was one of the few who was chosen by the company commander, Colbert, to enter the last O. T. S., just before the company's departure overseas. After grinding away through the several courses required, he emerged with a commission as 2nd lieutenant. Grover is at the present time at his old job as assistant superintendent of Meier & Frank Company, Portland, Oregon.

Joseph L. Lambert, another member of banking fame, was one of the first to sign his name on the dotted line that made him a member of Lieut. Strohm's company. Joe being impatient and looking for a lot of action, became dissatisfied with the long stay at Camp Lewis and transferred to the q. m. corps. At present Joe is located with the East Side Bank, Portland, Oregon.

Joseph L. Luckey—"Somnolent Joe." Joe joined the company with the best intentions in the world. His intention was to get to France as soon as possible; but while in Camp Lewis Joe had the habit of getting up in the wee small hours of the night and doing a marathon, choosing the course for this dramatic race over and around the boys' beds. Hearing of this habit, the C. O. deemed it best that Joe stay on this side of the waters: much to the sorrow of everyone in the company. At present Joe is traveling for a local rubber concern, located in Portland, Oregon.

John Wilhelm
Cornelius Stein

George A. Carroll
John Helmer
Alvin O. Binswanger

Leonard Kaufman
Eskel Anderson

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Amil J. Ruff drove in from Hillsboro, Oregon, after hearing the call sent out by Lieut. Strohm, and signed up as one of the original members of 364. It was while at Camp Lewis that Amil made the remark, "you never can lose me". But on his return from Portland early one Monday morning in the company of Bill Gerber and Harry Carroll, attempted to pilot them back to camp from..... After several hours of strenuous hiking, they were forced to call a halt and decide they were lost. Amil's present address is Hillsboro, Oregon.

Lawrence A. Rosenthal was one of the men who started out with the company as a buck private and ended his career in the army as a 1st lieutenant. Before enlisting, Lawrence was studying dentistry and had received a diploma just before his departure for Camp Lewis. After several months with the company he received his commission and was transferred to Vancouver, Wash., where he was stationed. At present you will find him following his profession in Portland, Oregon.

Dominic J. Vranizan. "Dom," as he was known, was with the company from its start. After going through several months of hard training he was compelled to retire from the service on account of his health, much to the regret of all of the company. Dom can be located at his home, 540 Clay Street, Portland, Oregon.

George Simons. After several months with the 364th, he being one of the first of the boys to join, suddenly packed up and disappeared. Our next word from George stated he was in New York. Thinking he was on detached duty, the boys all expected him back; but, much to our sorrow, he was transferred out of the company and attached to Evacuation Hospital No. 7, regular army. After serving with the third army through Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne battles, he was discharged at Camp Lewis July 22, 1919. George now travels for M. Seller & Co., Portland, with headquarters at Boise, Idaho.

Harry E. Cherry. The mere mention of the name of Cherry brings back to us our first days at Camp Lewis. It was Harry who met us at the train on our first arrival at

that place, also being instrumental in arranging that first memorable breakfast. After several months with the company he transferred to the q. m. department, and with his departure the company lost one of its most valued members. At the present time Harry is located with P. L. Cherry Construction Company, Portland, Oregon.

Esker Radford Mitchell was one of the men whose name was attached to the original roster. After spending several months with the company in training at Camp Lewis, he became impatient for active service, and transferred to the q. m. department. At present he is located in Seattle, Wash.

Donald M. MacClaire. "Mac" started with the company as a sergeant and after spending several months in Camp Lewis became a sgt. 1st cl., and, in turn, taking charge of the company. It was Mac who taught a large percentage of M. D's. their fours east and west. After spending about a year with the company, received word that a rank of lieutenant was awaiting him in the sanitary corps, which he accepted. At the present time he is connected with First National Bank, Portland, Oregon.

W. D. Whitcomb was born in Chicago, Ill., September 28, 1884, and enlisted June 22, 1917. Every one of the old company will remember Sgt. Whitcomb, as being the first top cutter the company had. After spending a few months with 364 his ability was discovered and he was transferred to Camp Fremont, California, where he rapidly rose to the rank of lieut.-colonel in the sanitary corps. At present he is located with Whitfield, Whitcomb & Co., certified public accountants, 316 Oregon Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Elsworth B. Hanna was another one of the lucky boys who, starting from Portland to Camp Lewis, found the sergeant chevrons pinned on his coat. Taking advantage of our long stay at Camp Lewis he prepared himself for a course in the O. T. C., Presidio, California, where he gained the rank of first lieutenant. "Mark's" home is 1105 Clinton Street, Portland, Oregon.

Earl R. Goodwin, one of the most active of the original members, after several months with 364, received an appointment to the third O. T. C., and before his course was com-

pleted the company was on its way overseas. On leaving the company Earl left a vacancy in the old ranks which was never filled. He was always full of life and willing to go to the front with any proposition for the betterment of the company. We find Earl at the present time assistant sporting editor of the Oregon Journal, Portland, Oregon.

Al Maddern traveled with the company to Camp Lewis and stayed with the bunch for some time; but it was determined by army physicians that it would be impossible for him to stand the strain he would have to endure. So with that verdict another loyal member of the company was lost. At present Al is located in Portland following his vocation as an oculist.

Rowland L. Atcheson. "Atch" started out with the company as a sergeant, having just graduated from the North Pacific Dental College. After getting well acquainted with the boys at Camp Lewis, he was drawn from the ranks and given a commission as 1st lieutenant in the dental corps.

Albert Thornbury hailed from the town of Hood River. Hearing the call, like several others in his community, he hastened to Dr. Strohm's office and signed his name on the dotted line. On arriving at Camp Lewis Al was soon appointed company clerk. After holding that position he decided to transfer his affections to other fields, and was transferred to Camp Fremont, California. At present he is located at his old home in Hood River, Oregon.

Malcom D. Gunston came to the company after its arrival at Camp Lewis. Having been born and reared in Seattle he was soon looked upon as one of the originals, and after going through strenuous training, as the regulations called for, was qualified and left for overseas with the unit. On arriving in France, Gunston was a victim of circumstances. Nothing seemed to agree with him, being indisposed a majority of the time; but, nevertheless, we found him in the line of march with the rest of the company. On arriving at St. Nazairre he was forced to throw up the sponge and go to the hospital. He was lost to the company thereafter. At present he is located in Seattle, Wash.

James Barrett Mockbee was born in Hughsville, Mo., October 21, 1894, and enlisted with the 364th June 4, 1917. "Mock", like a few of the other dental students, had just received his diploma before joining the army, and with that knowledge of medicine left Portland with a warrant as sergeant. Like the rest of the "tooth pullers", he was drawn out of the ranks and received his commission as a 1st lieutenant. The latest reports advise he has chosen the army for his future career, being located at the Presidio, California.

Charles E. Gassett. "Chick" passed the physical test qualifying him as one of Colonel Strohm's members, and after spending a year in Camp Lewis with his company was forced to retire from active service on account of doctors' orders. This was the cause of much regret on the part of members of the company. Chick, at the present time, is with the telephone company, living at 146 Vermont Street, Portland, Oregon.

Alfred Schilt. "Al" started out with the company as one of the original buck privates, but had the honor and distinction of being the first man in the 364th to receive a commission. He had just received his diploma as a jaw whacker before joining the service, therefore receiving a commission as a 1st lieutenant in the dental corps, being attached to the 364th F. H. and going overseas with that unit. He was later attached to the 361st Infantry and went through all engagements with that regiment, being wounded during the Argonne drive. Al is established in Portland in the dental business.

Lewis Cedric Holbrook was another fortunate of Colonel Strohm's staff who left Portland with the chevrons sewed on his sleeve. He was promoted to sergeant 1st cl. while in Camp Lewis, and for the time being was known as the "top kicker". On arriving in France, Lu was instrumental in the speedy evacuation of the sick and wounded to the rear. On arriving in Revigny he developed a case of influenza and was himself evacuated, being lost to the company from that time on. At present Lu is located in Portland with the Western Cooperage Company.

Theodore Preble. "Ted", as he was known by all, also

signed his name with the first bunch in Dr. Strohm's office; but after spending several months at Camp Lewis, decided his ability was for another branch of the service. He was transferred to the aviation section of the army and was located at San Diego, Calif. At present Ted is located in Portland, Oregon, and he can be reached through the Multnomah Athletic Club.

John Guy Strohm was born in Endicott, Nebr., October 28, 1885. He enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps April 18, 1917, and was instrumental in the organization of the 364th F. H., being the first C. O. of that unit. Upon telegraphic orders 148, paragraph 35, Western Department, he assembled his seventy-nine enlisted men of the M. R. C., comprising what was later known as the 364th F. H. Company. On July 15th, 1917, he entrained with his men for Camp Lewis. John Guy became known as "Little Napoleon" among the men, deriving this name from his activities in promoting advancement and moves for the betterment of his company. After spending the major portion of his time, while at Camp Lewis, with the 364th, he was promoted to Assistant Division Surgeon under Lieutenant-Colonel Peter C. Fields, later going to France in that capacity. While in France he was transferred as Director of Field Hospitals and was highly commended for his splendid work in this connection, earning the promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel and made Division Surgeon—the position he held for the duration of the war. When Colonel Strohm left the company he did not lose sight of his original unit, but at all times kept in close touch with his "first love". It is needless to say that each and every one who served under him valued his consideration and friendship. At the present time Colonel Strohm is practicing his profession in Portland, Oregon, with offices in the Medical Building, where he continually keeps the "welcome sign" hanging for all of the old 364th.

Colonel L. Vanderboget was born in Palmyra, New York, December 22, 1883. He commenced active duty for Uncle Sam in the M. C., Camp Lewis, July 28, 1917. Lieutenant "Van" was transferred to the company shortly after their arrival in Camp Lewis, being attached to the 364th through all of its major drives in France and Belgium. Lieutenant

Van claims the distinction of being one of the first of the company to go overseas, as he was one of the advance party of the 91st Division, and the last to reach American soil after sixteen months of service overseas. An interesting letter from him sets forth his travels after leaving the company, which we quote for the benefit of all:

"After I left the company I was sent back up to the Advanced Section again and went on duty at Camp Hospital No. 8, which you will remember was just out of the town of Montigny, where we used to go for baths. I was on duty there about two months, and was then given two ambulances and five men to put in an infirmary at the next town north of there, and cover about six towns where there were a lot of negro engineers building roads. The last part of May I came down to Le Mons with a bunch of them on my way home; but before I left there I had asked for a leave to England, which caught up with me, and I went over to England for fourteen days. I visited all the British Isles and had a fine time. After I came back I was sent on duty to St. Nazaire. Soon after arriving there I was put on duty at the segregation camp and was there until the last part of September, after which I was sent to Brest on the same kind of duty. October 26, 1919, I sailed for home and landed in New York November 3rd, and you must know that it looked mighty good to me. I expect to remain in the regular army for awhile, later taking a post-graduate course in my special line of work".

At present Lieutenant Van is located in Army General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Ga.

Franklin J. Corper first saw the light of day March 27, 1892, in Chicago, Ill. Captain Corper was transferred to the 364th F. H. from the Depot Brigade soon after his arrival in Camp Lewis. Being a young man, full of "pep and ambition", he soon had the boys on their toes and working hard at anything he might suggest. The captain was at all times willing and eager to explain and teach any detail, which would be for the betterment of the company. After spending months of training at Camp Lewis, he embarked with the 364th for overseas, where he went through all the major drives participated in by the 91st Division. Shortly before the company's departure for home Captain Corper was

Richard P. Glasscock
Carl O. Muhr

Harry Carroll
James L. Carroll

James Vranizan
Lieut. Mockbee

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assigned to the infantry as medical officer for their trip back to the States, where he returned to his home at 5847 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago, Ill. We have had a few letters from Captain Corper since his arrival and from remarks from some of the old company who have seen him while in Chicago, we learn that he is nicely located with a large practice.

Carl L. Koehn was born in Osage, Ohio, December 13, 1888, and enlisted in the United States M. C., July 23, 1917. Captain Koehn was transferred to the 364th F. H. on his arrival in Camp Lewis, being one of the oldest officers of the company. The captain won the esteem and friendship of every man by his untiring efforts to render any service and furnish any knowledge to those unfamiliar with medical science. While overseas his work among the sick and wounded was worthy of special comment, and his kindness to many an unknown boy will not be forgotten. On the company's return to the States Captain Koehn returned to the good old town of Red Dog, Mont., where he hung out the shingle advising his many patients he was ready for business.

Duncan D. Monroe claims Durham, Iowa, as the town of his birth, which event is recorded in the family Bible as October 12, 1873. "Daddy" Monroe was one of the early attaches of the company, instructing the enlisted personnel in the fundamental principals of medicine. Captain Monroe gained the title of "Daddy" due to his constant watch over each individual member of the company. After spending the major portion of his time with the company, both at Camp Lewis and overseas, keen regret was felt by each and every one at the news of his transfer. After the armistice, Captain Monroe returned to Seattle, Wash., where he is now practicing medicine at 4239 Fourth Avenue N. E.

Frank R. Mount was born in the town of Springfield, Oregon, in the year 1888. He was one of the first officers to enlist with Colonel Strohm at the time the company was organized in Portland. His record is one to be envied: Starting out as a 1st lieutenant and being discharged as a lieutenant-colonel. After spending several months with the 364th in Camp Lewis he was transferred to the H. Q. of the 91st Division and assigned as sanitary inspector, going through all engagements with the 91st. At present Dr. Mount is practicing medicine in Oregon City, Oregon.

John W. Colbert assumed command of the company on the departure of Lieutenant Strohm to the Division Surgeon's office, retaining command through all of its activities in France and Belgium. Captain Colbert on taking command of the company, and due to his excellent work, was promoted to the rank of major; however, if his advancement had been under the jurisdiction of the men serving under him, he would have attained the title of a general. No officer was better liked than Major Colbert, and the many years to come will never efface the memory of close association with him. Major Colbert was one of the advance guard of the 91st Division going overseas, taking command of his company upon its arrival at Montigny, and piloting them through their three major offences. He was wounded once by high explosive while establishing a location in the Argonne. After the Armistice he brought his company safely back to American soil, where they were, in due time, sent to their respective camps for discharge. Major Colbert is, at the present time, located in Manila, P. I., where he is again practicing medicine.

Marion J. Jones. Upon his enlistment he was detailed to the ambulance section, sanitary train, with title of captain. While overseas he was transferred from that section to the 364th F. H., where he competently filled a vacancy. He at once became a great favorite with the men, and it was not on account of the "gold leaf" that the men respected him, but due to the many fine qualities he constantly displayed. His untiring efforts in rendering service to the sick and wounded was only one of the many commendable acts of his army career. His work was also acknowledged by his superiors, which led to his promotion as major. At the present time Dr. Jones is practicing his profession in Portland, Oregon, where numerous members of his old company will testify to the continuance of his good work.

Elphege P. La Grandeur was comfortably situated in Missoula, Mont., when the war broke out, and with the first call came to Camp Lewis. After spending a few weeks in the depot brigade, transferred into the 364th F. H., where several of his friends were located. After doing fours east and west for several weeks and serving on K. P., his ability as a cook was soon discovered, and upon the departure of Cook

Grigwire, Fay was placed in charge of the kitchen a job which he held until the company's return to the States. From the latest reports he is back in his home town, 1231 Sherwood Avenue, Missoula, Mont.

Edwin Grigwire. In mentioning this young man, we do so chiefly for the reason of bringing back memories of our first days in camp. "Grig" was one of the first to sign up with the old company, and, although just back from the Mexican border, was anxious to get into the game again. Colonel Strohm, knowing of his ability as a cook, hastily accepted him, but after several months at Camp Lewis, Grig was compelled to give up his duties at the suggestion of the company physicians. At present Grig is attending O. A. C., Corvallis, Oregon, and we are very glad to state that he is back to his normal condition.

C. P. R. Short. Roy was one of the faithful members who left Portland with the original contingent. After serving through all the company's activities, was injured in an automobile accident in France and was compelled to go to the rear to recuperate. He later rejoined the company in Belgium. On returning to the States and after being discharged at Camp Lewis, has accepted a position with one of the leading rubber companies, making The Dalles, Oregon, his headquarters.

Linford Besson, although not connected with the 364th F. H. for any length of time, came to us after his service with the 316th Engineers in the Argonne. After spending several months with the company, the lieutenant was transferred back to the infantry for duty with them on their return home. At the present time Doctor Besson has established offices and is following his profession as physician and surgeon with his brother in the Selling Building, Portland, Oregon.

George Carroll. George, like a good many of the original crew, spending nearly a year of his time with the 364th in Camp Lewis, became impatient on account of their long stay and decided to transfer to q. m. corps. After being with them for some time was sent East to the O. T. C., and before he received his commission the Armistice was signed. At

present he is located with the Broadway Bank, Portland, Oregon.

John Harry Carroll hopped on the train with the rest of the bunch on July 15, 1917, and patiently stuck it out with the company during its long stay at Camp Lewis. Just before going overseas he was permitted to wear his sergeant's chevrons, sharing this privilege on the same date with Hummel and Jehlinger. After going through all drives with the company, he returned to the States, and at the present time can be located at 1031 Arnold Street, Portland, Oregon.

THE 364TH FIELD HOSPITAL ORGANIZATION

In the late spring of the year 1919, a few of our buddies got an idea into their heads that a permanent organization of the old 364th would be a good thing. With this idea in mind, a self-appointed committee sent out invitations to all old members of the company, to be present at a banquet at the Benson Hotel, Portland, Oregon, on July 15th. Original members of the company need not be reminded that this was the date of entering active service.

Approximately forty men were present but many more proved their willingness to attend by sending telegrams and letters of good wishes. A short business session ended with James Vranizan, president; J. Harry Carroll, vice-president, and John C. Sturm, secretary. The club was given the name of "The 364th Field Hospital Organization", with a purpose of promoting good fellowship. An annual reunion was decided the best means of bringing the boys together, and let us hope that July 15th of each year to come will find the "old gang" congregated some place in Portland, telling how we went "over the top" with a bucket of iodine in one hand and a swab in the other.

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